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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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THE ROSEBUD'S COMPLAINT.

BY G. RENE WOOD.

One day a little drop of rain upon a rosebud fell,
That nestled 'mong its sister-buds within a lovely dell.
The rosebud shuddered at the touch, and rousing
all its pride,
Looked on its wet, disordered dress, and thus
complaining cried:
"Why dost thou thus my prospects blight, and
check my bright career,
While others not so fair as I have naught from
you to fear?
"To-morrow would have seen my leaves to the
bright sun unfold;
Now I must mold, decay and die, wet, shivering
and cold."
"Thou foolish bud," the rain-drop said, "why dost
thou thus complain,
That on thy vain and thoughtless head descends
a drop of rain?
"But for it—and its worth to thee—to-morrow's
sun would blight;
And wither from thy slender stem thy every leaf
so bright."
When death with a relentless hand some cherish-
ed one removes,
We murmur—then the thought occurs—"God
chastens whom He loves."
And like the bud—without this grief—without
these chastening blows
Which He inflicts—our souls would blight—nor
bloom in worlds above.

The Flying Yankee:

OR,

THE OCEAN OUTCAST.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE OF 1812.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEAMAN'S DEVOTION.

HAVING made the reader aware of the circumstance of the flags of the brig-of-war Vulture being at half-mast, and explained who it was resting beneath the funeral canopy upon her decks, I will now continue on with my story, taking up the thread where it was broken, to present to the reader's eye those characters in this romance who are most conspicuously brought forward.

Standing by the brig's gangway, as Lieutenant Ainslie and Midshipman Bernard descended into the cutter to be rowed ashore, was a tall, ungainly seaman, whose appearance was only remarkable for its peculiarity.

Over six feet in height, awkwardly but powerfully formed, with long, swinging arms and immense breadth of chest, the man's appearance indicated great strength, without any sign of agility, to the casual observer; but, though looking awkward and lumbering, his every motion was catlike in quickness, and his dark, restless eyes were ever on the alert.

Though remarkable in form, the face of the individual was even more remarkable, for the head was small, the mouth immense and overhung by an enormous nose, while the eyes were bright, large, and as beautiful in expression as a woman's.

Who the man was, where he hailed from, or what was his name, none knew, for he had been found aboard the brig when she sailed from Portsmouth, gave no account of himself, and only said, when the paymaster asked his name:

"Put me down as Stranger, please, sir."

And as Stranger he was entered upon the brig's roll, as a first-class seaman, for such he soon proved himself to be.

Inoffensive, and holding friendly intercourse with none of the crew, the seaman soon began to jibe him upon his awkward form and ugliness, all of which Stranger bore without a word, until, upon one occasion, a party of his messmates made some slurring remarks upon his parentage, and as quick as a flash of light he sprang into their midst, seized the two insulters in his powerful arms, and hurled them overboard into the sea.

"Man overboard!" rung the cry; the brig was brought up into the wind, a boat was lowered, and the two men were saved and brought aboard, both, however, fearfully frightened.

An investigation of the matter caused Captain Duncan to order Stranger up to the mast, to be punished with the "cat"—a punishment he received, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Lieutenant Moncrief, and other officers, in his behalf.

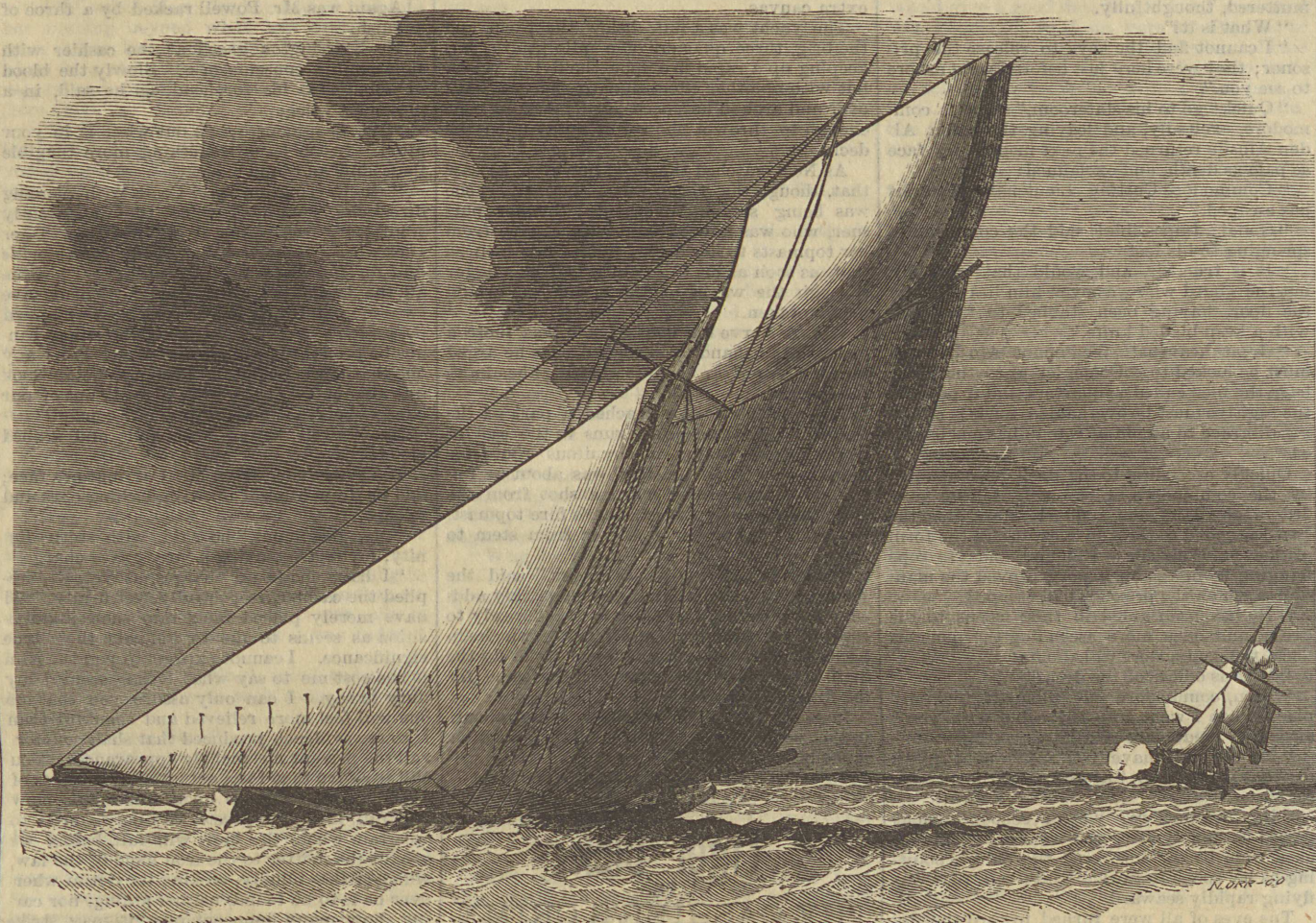
Stranger took the lash without a murmur, and, when released, stepped forward, took the hand of Noel Moncrief, raised it to his lips silently, and walked forward, the simple act causing a sneer upon the face of Horace Duncan, while others were deeply touched by this simple mode of thanks.

A few months more, and again Stranger became an object of ridicule among his messmates, and, unmindful of his former punishment, he was about to spring upon his foes, when the ringing voice of Noel Moncrief, who was officer of the deck, and had witnessed the whole affair, restrained him, and, like a whipped schoolboy, he slunk away.

"Mr. Bernard, have that gang of seamen walked aft here, sir," called out Noel to the young reeve, and he pointed to the men who had been teasing the deformed seaman.

The order was quickly obeyed, and five of the crew, those whom Noel had marked as the offenders, were brought aft, and the young lieutenant said, in stern tones:

"Men, I am going to have no more of this worry brought upon a poor unfortunate man,



The brig, three quarters of a mile as-ern, was keeping up a rapid fire upon the flying vessel.

whom God has not made as well-formed as you are; some months ago Stranger was severely punished for defending himself, when driven to madness by your taunts, and I now intend you five shall suffer the same punishment.

"Boatswain, pipe all hands aft to see punishment administered."

The "cat" was well laid on, and from that day poor Stranger received no more fears from his messmates, and from that day also he became the devoted friend of Noel Moncrief.

Thus he was standing quietly by the gangway, watching the departure of Lieutenant Ainslie for the shore, when, as the officer got into the boat, the buckle of his sword-belt broke in twain.

"Here, sir, take this sword-belt into my cabin, and bring me another you will find lying upon the table," he called out, and springing forward, Stranger eagerly seized the belt and darted into the cabin, his face lit up with a strange light, as if of triumph.

An instant only was he gone, when he returned with the belt and handed it to the young lieutenant, who at once gave the order to the men to let fall their oars and give way.

In one of the officers' staterooms upon the brig, as she sailed up the harbor toward her anchorage, there was one person seated in solemn and gloomy thought, for the return home, after a two years' cruise, presented to him no bright side, no happy picture.

True, he had won renewed honor, and his name had been mentioned for promotion, but still his mind was clouded with thought, and his face pale and stern as he glanced through the open port, through which was run out a heavy gun.

The stateroom was large, and contained, besides the gun, a berth, closet and chest, while the walls were hung round with uniforms, storm-suits, and hats.

As the officer, for his dress indicated him to be such, moved to get a better view through the port, as a change in the brig's course brought her broadside to the city, the sound of chains broke on the ear, and it could be seen that each ankle was encircled by an iron band chaining him to the floor.

The man in irons was Noel Moncrief, who was returning to his home and native land with the blood of his superior officer upon his hands.

"Oh, God!" he murmured, "to thus return, when only two short years ago all seemed to me so bright, and I looked forward with joy to the moment when the brig would again drop anchor here."

"Did you call, sir?" suddenly asked a voice, and the form of a marine stood in the doorway.

"No, sir; close the door and keep out," sternly said Noel.

"I certainly heard you speak," answered the man, suspiciously.

"That may be; I was talking to myself; but, why this extra watchfulness?"

"We are getting into port now, lieutenant, and you have many friends aboard, who would not like to see you langed, and I intend to see that you do not escape," insolently said the marine.

"Am I to be obeyed, sir? I ordered you to your post outside that door."

"You are not on the quarter-deck now, lieutenant," said the man, menacingly, as he withdrew, muttering some unkind words to himself against the chained officer, for he was one of

the five that Noel had had punished, for their conduct toward the deformed seaman.

For some time he sat in silence, heard the order from the deck to take in sail and lower away the stream-anchor, and shortly afterward saw the boat, containing Lieutenant Ainslie and Midshipman Bernard row away toward the city.

"Yes, there they go to make my crime, as it will be called, known to the world; yet I do not blame poor Ainslie, for stern duty alone compels him to act as my foe."

"Hark! listen to the hum from the city, and mingling with it is the sound of a brass-band."

"Ah's me! I fear there is no hope for me, and that I must die. A terrible, terrible end for one in the flush of youth."

Suddenly he ceased, and leaning his arms upon the iron gun he rested his head thereon, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

How long he slept he knew not, but he awoke to find that all was still around him, except the measured tread of the officer of the deck, as he paced to and fro upon his lonely watch.

The hum from the town had ceased, and only a light here and there glimmered from the dark masses of houses, showing that the night was creeping on apace.

Suddenly he was startled by a slight sound outside his door, followed by a suppressed breathing, and then a low groan.

"What can it mean? The ship is at rest," he muttered, but ere he could say more the door was softly opened and a tall form stepped cautiously within.

"Lieutenant Moncrief!"

"Well, who is it, and what do you wish?"

"It is Stranger. I have come to save you," said the voice, in a low whisper.

"I thank you, my good man; but I cannot fly."

"You will have to die, for I heard Lieutenant Ainslie and Mr. Bernard say the commodore said it would go hard with you."

"I expect to die, Stranger."

"Not if I can save you; come let me unlock your manacles."

"What, you have the keys?"

"Yes, sir, I knew where the lieutenant kept them, for I saw him place them in a drawer in his cabin, and, by good fortune, to-night, he sent me there on an errand, and I secured them."

"Stranger, you are a noble fellow, and I will not gain my liberty and leave you to suffer, as you certainly would have to do."

"I will go with you, lieutenant, for I would give my life for you," answered the seaman, honestly.

"And whither, my man?"

"Anywhere, sir, where you would go. Come, Mr. Moncrief, you are young, handsome and rich; the world is before you, and there are parts of it where you could go and live in happiness, and if you remain here you will have to die like a dog, merely because you punished a man who had made himself your bitter foe."

Noel Moncrief was dumb with surprise, to hear a man, whom he looked upon as a common seaman, speak thus, and use language wholly free from the forecaste style, and, as if momentarily forgetting his own dangerous position, he said:

"Stranger, you are not what you seem; you have seen better days."

"Ay, have I, Lieutenant Moncrief, and there will come a day when I will make known to you my life; but time presses and we must fly."

"No, good Stranger, I will not fly; I will remain and stand my trial, and bravely meet my end. I thank you for this noble act upon your part; so give me your hand and return at once ere you are discovered."

"It is too late now to retract."

"Why, what mean you? Were you seen to come here?"

"No, but you forget the marine."

"Hail what of him! how did you pass the man on duty?"

"That sentinel's off duty forever."

"Do you mean he's dead?" asked Noel, in a low tone.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What! you—"

"Yes, I slew him only a few moments since, and if you do not fly I will remain and suffer with you."

Noel Moncrief dropped his head in his hands and pondered a moment, and then said:

"Stranger, my good man, you have conquered, for though I would not fly to save myself, I know if I remain both of us must die, and you shall not suffer death for me. Unlock my manacles."

Gladly the seaman released Noel of his chains, and then, stepping forward, he locked the stateroom door, and drew from beneath his shirt a short rope which he fastened to the gun-carriage.

"Now slip down quickly into the water, lieutenant."

"You go first."

"Will you follow, sir?"

"I will."

Without another word the seaman gently and noiselessly lowered himself into the water, and the next moment was followed by Noel.

"Now let us float with the tide, which is setting in," whispered Stranger, and releasing their hold upon the rope the two men were borne swiftly away up the harbor, undiscovered by the officer of the deck, as he leaned idly upon a gun-carriage and gazed toward the sleeping town.

CHAPTER V.

THE SADDEST BLOW OF ALL.

AFTER swimming for half an hour Noel and his preserver reached the shore, at a point where there were several fishing skiffs anchored, and, a sudden idea flashing across his mind, the young lieutenant said:

"Stranger, let us take one of these boats, for the wind and tide are both fair, and in a short while I can run up to Moncrief Manor, for I cannot decide upon my future until I have held conversation with one person."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the seaman, and in a moment more the two men were in the light skiff; the mast was stepped, the sail spread, and, with Noel at the tiller, the little craft sped on before a stiff breeze, past the quiet town.

Half after nine was passed, when Stranger, who was in the bow, said, quietly:

"I hear the sound of oars, and voices in conversation ahead, sir."

"Doubtless some pleasure-party returning from the town; there is no danger of our being recognized, so I'll stand on."

A few moments more and there came distinctly to the ears of Noel the steady thud of oars, and a number of voices mingling in conversation.

"It is as I expected, a pleasure-party. I will luff up and pass to windward of them, and if they hail us, say we are fishermen."

Swiftly the light skiff cut through the waves, and in ten minutes more was within a few yards of the boat, a large eight-oared barge, with a canvas awning and comfortable seats, which Noel at once recognized as belonging to Moncrief Manor, and used by his father for pleasure-parties on the bay and river.

"You answer their hail, Stranger, if they should speak us."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the seaman, and as he spoke the sound of a man's voice came across the water, making some lively remark to some one in the bow of the barge.

By Heaven! that was the voice of my brother Clarence. He is at home then; and—yes, I hear her low, musical laugh. Well, it is well for her to laugh now, for ere long tears may dim her eyes, when she knows that Horace Duncan has fallen by my hand, and that I am doomed to die for slaying my superior officer.

"Poor, poor Eve! Hard indeed did I strive to suffer everything for your sake, and without a murmur I put up with his unkindness, until his last insulting remark before that French captain and Bernard, reflecting upon your honor, caused me to resent his evil words."

"Well, the die is cast, and branded with murder, and dishonored from the navy, I must fly wheresoever the path of fate may lead me—Stranger!"

"Sir."

"We have passed them without their hailing, and I now intend to run on and land at my home, where I will remain concealed in an arbor, to await the coming of the party from yonder boat, which contains my brother and other friends."

"You remain in the skiff, when I land, and I will soon return."

"Yes, sir; will you put on this sword which I brought with me under my coat? I took it from your stateroom with your brace of pistols, which are dry, I see, as I rolled them up in their oiled-silk cover."

"Thanks; I will take the sword and one pistol, while you keep the other."

"I have two pistols and my cutlass, sir."

"Indeed; why you were a floating arsenal, Stranger, and swam as easily as if you carried nothing with you."

"Yes, sir, I swim well; but I brought arms, lieutenant, thinking we might need them."

"Yes, we may need them; but here we are at the shore; so take in the sail and I'll run the skiff beneath the shadow of this tree," said Noel, and the next instant the small boat was completely hidden, beneath the overhanging branches of a majestic willow, and with a light bound the young lieutenant sprang ashore, buckled on his sword, stuck his pistols in his belt, and, after a word of caution to Stranger, walked away in the direction of the mansion, which loomed up dark and grandly a few hundred yards distant.

Following the gravel path along the water's edge, Noel passed the small pier, the regular boat-landing of the mansion, and a glance down the bay showed him the barge, half a mile away, pulling steadily shoreward, while moored against the pier-head, was a little yacht of fifteen tons, which he had built after a model of his own, for both speed and comfort, and in which himself and brother had enjoyed many a cruise together, years before.

The Dart had been overhauled and refitted, I see; doubtless Clarence has brought her into service again," he said, as he stepped on board the little schooner and walked up and down her deck.

"But, yonder comes the barge, and I must hasten," and so saying he walked on toward the mansion for a few paces, until he came to a small, ivy-grown summer-house, which he entered quietly.

Soon the pleasure-barge struck the shore, for it had been delayed by stopping at several mansions along the river, to land parties who had accepted the invitation of Clarence Moncrief, to go that way to the entertainment given by Commodore Cutting, in Portsmouth.

The oarsmen sprang ashore, and bidding good-night to Clarence and Eve, started rapidly homeward along the shores of the bay, for they were fishermen living near Moncrief Manor, while the young man and maiden walked slowly arm-in-arm toward the mansion.

From his place of concealment Noel watched their approach, and was about to advance to meet them, when the words spoken by his brother arrested his steps.

Clarence was saying:

"Then you still persist in loving Noel?"

"I do, Clarence, and it is ignoble in you to endeavor to steal my affection from him when he is absent," answered Eve, firmly.

"Curse him! Yes, Eve Eldred, for your sake I curse my brother, and would to God he might never return."

"Clarence, this is unmanly, this is ungenerous, and I will not listen to you thus speak of one who has ever loved you, ever been just and kind toward you."

"Hold, Eve Eldred! Stand here and listen to me," and seizing her hand, Clarence Moncrief stopped just in front of the summer-house, and continued in a low, bitter tone:

"You were mine once—"

"No, sir, I never loved you, except as a brother."

"You were not indifferent to me, and when I knew you liked and praised Noel, because he was in the navy, I also entered the service, hoping to gain more favor in your eyes; but, during my absence, Noel came, and stole from me your heart, and now, after three years, I come back to find you his betrothed wife; no, Eve Eldred, you shall never marry Noel Moncrief, if I have to slay him with my own hand,

and be Cain-cursed forever. No, I hate him, and you shall be mine."

"Never, sir!"

Both started at the stern, deep voice, and glancing up saw before them the tall, manly form of Noel Moncrief, for the moon, upon the wane, was just rising over the forest and fell brightly upon the spot where they stood.

"Noel! thank God you have come!" and with a glad cry Eve threw herself into his arms, while Clarence, in dismay, laid his hand upon his sword-hilt.

"Wait, Eve, and listen to me."

A few hours ago the Vulture dropped anchor in Portsmouth harbor, but with no rejoicing did she return after her long and successful cruise, for upon her decks lay the dead form of her captain—

"Killed!"

"Yes, Eve, slain by my hand, in a duel, ere we left Havana."

"Oh, my God, my poor, poor heart will break!" cried Eve, while Clarence, whose whole nature seemed to have turned to bitterness, said harshly:

"You are a murderer then, sir?"

"Listen to me, sir! Eve, this is no time for tears, for I would have you hear me."

"Yes, I slew him after first disarming him and giving him his life; for months I bore with him for your sweet sake, and had he not at length spoken evil of you, I would have still suffered on until our return home; but, he went too far; he fell by my hand, and I was brought home in irons."

"An hour since I escaped; how it matters not, but I would not have done so had not a noble man implicated himself in my behalf; and, taking a skiff, I came on here, to make known to you and to my father all, after which I intended to seek a foreign land, where if you loved me I wished you to join me."

"Noel, I will follow you to the uttermost ends of the earth!" cried Eve, passionately, as she placed her hands firmly upon his shoulder.

"Never! that woman is mine, and never shall she be the wife of another man!" and drawing his sword Clarence leaped forward.

"Brother, put up your weapon for I would not cross blades with you, even though your words this night told me you hated me, and that you no longer loved me as in boyhood years," said Noel, softly.

"No, Sir Murderer, I hate you, for you have taken from me the love of Eve Eldred."

"Clarence, I never loved you, and no word or look of mine ever caused you to believe so. Shame on you, to curse and hate a brother!" and Eve turned with flashing eyes upon the young man.

"Eve, this is idle talk. By this man's own words he is a murderer, and I will deliver him up to the authorities; he will be hung, and then you shall be mine."

"Brother! Clarence! beware, or you may go too far."

"What! do you threaten me?" and with a bitter cry of hatred Clarence sprung forward with drawn sword.

"Oh, God have mercy, but this is terrible!" cried Eve, covering her face with her hands.

"Stand aside, Eve; I will not hurt him," said Noel, and quickly drawing his sword the two blades crossed, flashed for one instant in the moonlight, and the weapon of Clarence was struck from his hand.

With another cry of hatred, he drew a pistol, and fired it full in the face of his brother, but, anticipating it, Noel struck it up with his sword, and the ball passed above his head.

Instantly the hand of Clarence again sought his belt for another pistol; but quickly Noel sprung forward, and his sword passed through the body of his brother, who fell with a stifled moan to the ground.

"Eve, I have killed him. Now I care not to live."

"Noel, you must live. Fly, for already I hear the house alarmed. For my sake fly."

"Whither?"

"Come with me, sir; quick, or escape will be impossible," said the stern voice of Stranger, who had hastened to the spot when he heard the clash of swords.

"No, good Stranger, save yourself, and here is my belt of gold."

"No, sir, you must come with me," answered the seaman, firmly.

"Yes, for my sake, fly, Noel," and Eve threw her arms around him with passionate earnestness.

One close embrace, and then, led by Stranger, Noel strode rapidly away in the direction of the skiff.

"Yonder is a yacht; let us take that, for then we have some chance."

"All right, my man; it belongs to me," and the excitement of escape causing him to momentarily forget the deed his hand had wrought, and the misery he had left behind him, Noel sprung on board the little vessel, already mentioned as moored to the pier; the sails were raised with lightning rapidity, the hawsers cast loose, and, feeling the wind, the graceful Dart swung clear of the dock, and with her master at the helm stretched across the bay, just as a glance astern showed that an alarmed crowd from the mansion had arrived at the spot, where lay the body of Clarence Moncrief, with Eve Eldred standing in an agony of grief beside it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.

COMMODORE CUTTING was so much distressed at the sad news brought him by Lieutenant Ainslie, for both Captain Duncan and Noel Moncrief he greatly liked, that he determined, as soon as the guests had departed, to go aboard the brig and see Noel, to endeavor to glean from him all particulars in his favor, regarding the duel and its fatal termination.

So deciding, he escorted the party, who had been his guests, down to the water's edge where the barge awaited them, and refraining, through a kindness of heart, from informing Clarence that his brother had been brought home in irons, he merely asked him to come in with the governor, his father, at an early hour the following morning, as he was desirous of seeing them upon a matter of great importance.

Clarence promised, and bidding the commodore good-night, and thanking him for his generous hospitality, the barge shoved off, and the crew, singing a merry song in chorus, headed up the river.

Returning to his mansion he sat down to write some dispatches, and then calling to his servant, ordered his private cutter to await his coming at the foot of the street.

"Yes, I will go on board, and learn fully all about this sad affair, so that in the morning I can make known the full particulars to his father and brother. Poor, rash boy! I fear he must die," and so saying the commodore wrapped himself up in his heavy cloak, and putting on a stonch hat, walked from the mansion down to the river, where he found the boat in readiness.

Seating himself in the stern-sheets, he said, simply:

"Give way, men; coxswain, steer for the brig-of-war anchored below, and, mind you, do not let it be known to the crew who I am."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the coxswain, and with measured stroke the cutter moved away, and in a short while was hailed from the Vulture, with:

"Boat, ahoy!"

"Dispatches for the commander," answered the commodore.

"Come alongside."

"Ay, ay," and the next instant Commodore Cutting stood on the deck of the Vulture, and was met by Lieutenant Ainslie, who, recognizing him immediately, conducted him into the cabin.

"Ainslie, I could not sleep, so I have come on board to have a talk with you and poor Moncrief."

"I am glad to see you, commodore. Be seated, sir, and I will send for him," politely answered the young lieutenant.

"No, I would not be seen by the crew. Go for him, and also bring young Bernard, for if there is anything in favor of the poor fellow I would find it out."

"I thank you, Commodore Cutting, and I trust sincerely Moncrief may be spared, for a better officer or nobler man never lived," answered the lieutenant, warmly, as he went to the table drawer to search for the keys that unlocked Noel's manacles.

"Strange, I always keep them here," he muttered, thoughtfully.

"What is it?"

"I cannot find the keys to release the prisoner; they were here just before I went ashore to see you."

"Quick! go to his stateroom," said the commodore, excitedly, and leaving the cabin, Al den Ainslie returned the next instant, his face as pale as death, and exclaimed:

"Commodore Cutting, Lieutenant Moncrief has escaped."

"Gone! Impossible!" said the commodore, springing to his feet.

"It is true, sir, and would that were all; but the guard who was over him lies dead by the door, having been stabbed to the heart with a keen-bladed knife."

"Great heavens! Lieutenant Ainslie, this must be looked to. Come, let us to the deck; have the men called to quarters, and if possible the fugitive must be overhauled, for it is a lasting disgrace to a man-of-war to be thus beard."

Quickly ascending to the deck, accompanied by the commodore, Lieutenant Ainslie gave orders to call the men to quarters, and then the two descended to the gun-deck, where the form of the dead marine was found, and the rope hanging from the open port, proved the manner in which the prisoner had escaped.

"He has been aided in this; let us to the deck," and once more ascending the quarter-deck, the commodore called out:

"Who is officer of the deck?"

"I am, commodore; Mr. Bennett took my place when I went into the cabin with you," answered Lieutenant Ainslie.

"Mr. Bennett, have you seen aught going on, that is a clue to this escape of the prisoner?"

"No, commodore; yonder schooner-yacht passed us shortly after you went below, giving us a wide berth," answered the officer, pointing as he spoke toward a white sail, that was flying rapidly seaward.

The eyes of all were turned toward the flying craft, and just then a loud voice hailed from an approaching skiff that came down the river:

"Ho, the brig-of-war!"

"Ahoy! what do you wish?" answered Lieutenant Ainslie.

"Will you bring yonder schooner-yacht for those now on board of her?"

"A short while since," came the answer.

"Had here is a clue. Mr. Ainslie, train a gun on the schooner, and Mr. Bennett, let fall the sails, for I will give chase if we fail to bring the yacht to," said the commodore, and he then called to the men to come alongside.

"Well, sir, now give us all the knowledge you have about this matter," said Commodore Cutting, sternly, as the occupants of the skiff, two in number, ascended to the brig's deck.

"Well, sir, we be fishermen, and was in the barge that brought Mr. Moncrief and his party down to the merrymaking, at your house to-night, and when we got to the mansion again, we started to our homes, and had gone but a little way when we heard a pistol-shot, so we ran back to where we had left Master Clarence and Miss Eve, and we saw the yacht yonder swinging away from the pier, and on her deck was two men, one in an officer's uniform, and the other a great big fellow, looking like a seaman."

"Well, sir, we ran up to where the servants was crowded in a knot, having come down from the mansion, and we saw Master Clarence lying on the ground with a sword-wound in his side, and Miss Eve was fainted and held up by the governor—"

"What is that you say, Lieutenant Ainslie?" interrupted the commodore, quickly, turning toward the young officer who was clearing a gun aft.

"I say, sir, that in the present position of the brig, no gun can be brought to bear upon the schooner, sir."

"Then, slip the cable and give chase, and with a will. Do you hear, men? Lively to your work!" cried Commodore Cutting, and he again turned to the fishermen and said, sternly:

"Go on, sir, with your story."

"Yes, sir, well, you see, Jake, here, and me knew who it was."

"Who was it?"

"I mean we knew who it was had done the deed was them as was running away in the yacht, so we went down to the shore and there we found the skiff alongside, which we know belongs to some fishermen here in the town, so we jumped into it and gave chase after the schooner, sir, and that's all we know."

"I thank you, my men; now go back to your skiff, and if we overhaul the murderer, you shall not be forgotten for your promptness; who did you say was absent from the vessel, Mr. Bennett?"

"A seaman who hails only to the name of Stranger; he has left the brig since dark."

"Then he it was who aided Lieutenant Moncrief in his escape; and, Ainslie, said as it appears, I fear we shall find that another crime has been perpetrated by Noel, for did you observe, the fisherman remarked that the two men who fled in the yacht were an officer and a seaman, as the moonlight plainly showed?"

"Yes, sir, I noted it."

"Well, what do you make out of it all?"

"I know not what to say; there she swings round and feels the wind. Clear those bow-guns there, and as soon as you can get range, send a ball after yonder schooner."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Commodore Cutting, your barge is still alongside," said a reefer, coming aft, and politely saluting his superior.

"True, I had forgotten," and stepping to the lee of the brig, he said:

"Coxswain, cast off and row back; let the ladies at home know where I am, and say I expect to return soon."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the cutter dropped rapidly astern, just as a bright glare illumined the bows of the brig, the deep voice of a gun roared angrily forth upon the still night air, and reverberated through the quiet streets of the town in many a rumbling echo.

"Stranger, the brig is in full chase; doubtless the skiff we saw astern of us has let them know who we are," said Noel Moncrief, calmly, as he stood at the helm of the little yacht, and held her on her course with steady hand.

"Yes, sir, she is in earnest, for yonder comes a gun; but it was aimed wildly," answered the seaman, as the shot flew far to windward, and he led itself in the sea.

"They'll improve by practice, and the moonlight is in their favor."

"No, lieutenant; if the gunners of those bow-guns know it is you that stands on this schooner's deck, take my word for it, their shots will all fly wild, for there are few men in yonder brig but would risk their lives to save you."

"Still we must endeavor all in our power to escape; with our present breeze I believe she will bear her topsails and flying-jib."

"Ay, ay, sir," and Stranger, sprung nimbly forward, and in a few moments had set the extra canvas.

The yacht was a mile below the town, and the brig, three quarters of a mile astern, was keeping up a rapid fire upon the flying vessel, but with no other effect than to send the balls over and around her, occasionally striking near enough to throw a shower of spray upon the decks.

As Noel watched the brig, however, he saw that, though the yacht was a fast sailer, she was being steadily overhauled by her pursuer, who was now covered with canvas from her topmasts to her decks, and he felt assured that, as soon as his little craft had to stagger through the waves of the ocean, she would soon be taken.

Still his nerve did not fail, nor was there a tremor of his hand upon the tiller, as he urged the little vessel on, his eyes glancing ahead and then astern.

The yacht had now reached a part of the harbor where the channel runs to the east of Great Island, taking a circuitous route for more than a mile, and Noel was about to follow its devious course, when a shot from the brig carried away the schooner's fore-topmast, the shock causing her to shiver from stem to stern.

"That is bad for us, Stranger," said the young officer, coolly, and then he quickly added, "By Heaven, I'll risk it! Stand ready to ease off everything!" and putting the helm hard down, Noel sprung forward to let fly the main-sheet, while Stranger did the same for the fore-sail and jib.

Instantly the little schooner came about, and, close-hauled, stood back in the direction of the brig-of-war.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

Tiger Dick:

OR,

THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

"I will give you the facts, sir, without further remark," replied the cashier. "Three weeks ago, when about to destroy some old papers, I found these bits of half burnt paper in the stove."

He spread before them two pieces of paper, which had been almost wholly destroyed by fire, what was left being badly scorched.

"Your signature, John?" said Mr. Carrington; and then looking closer: "Way, I believe they are imitations."

Mr. Powell gazed upon the seared scraps of paper with a laboring of the chest, and tears that welled into his eyes and confused the lines of writing.

"They are not genuine," he said, in a low tone.

"At first," continued Cecil, "I thought nothing about them; but then it occurred to me that they might be the work of one of the clerks, done in a moment of thoughtlessness, and not with evil purpose. I determined to preserve them, and find out who had written them, and warn him of the danger of a practice which, however innocent in itself, might give rise to ugly suspicions, should a forgery come to light in which he might be implicated. With this purpose, I put them in my desk, and in the press of other matters, forgot all about them."

"Well, sir, the sequel," said Mr. Carrington. "What makes these bits of paper and the imitated signatures of particular interest at this time, and by what association do they impede the immediate lodgment of the case of burglary with the proper authorities?"

"Mr. Powell, will you look at this draft?" asked the cashier, placing it before him on the desk.

The banker took up the draft with a trembling hand, and tried to examine the signature. It was signed "JOHN POWELL, President;" but, what with the unsteadiness of the paper and the dazzling lymph through which he saw it, he could make nothing of the writing. He handed it to his partner, without comment.

Mr. Carrington took the draft and looked at the signature. Gradually a frown indented his brows.

"This is a forgery, Mr. Beaumont, and apparently done by the same person who imitated the signature on the burnt paper. It seems that we have a traitor in our very camp. But what is the connection between this domestic villainy and the outside foe? You intimated as much."

Mr. Powell covered his face with his hands and remained silent.

"Mr. Carrington," said Cecil, slowly, "might not a forger enter into collusion with a burglar, for the same end—money?"

"Possibly."

"It pains me to proceed; but I feel it my duty to push this matter to the end. On the desk before you are a lot of keys, collected by cases of word sent by a man now in prison, captured last night, who as good as announces himself concerned in the robbery. His words were: 'Do not spring your trap, until you find what sort of game you are going to catch. First ask your cashier and janitor if they did not hear a key turn in the lock after the burglars went out.'"

"But, sir," interrupted the elder gentleman, "those words are mere buncombe, sent in order to gain time for his accomplices to secure hiding for the spoil. And they are effecting

their purpose in a most eminent degree!" he continued, chafing at the delay.

"One moment, Mr. Carrington," Cecil said. "You will admit that, if it is proved that a certain person committed this forgery, and if suspicion points to the same person as the one referred to by implication in the message of the prisoner, there will then be a strong presumption in favor of its containing something more than buncombe—at least, enough to warrant an investigation into its possible sincerity."

"All the more reason for putting the whole case into the hands of persons trained and competent to ferret the matter out. If we have placed confidence in a man, and he has taken advantage of his position to associate himself with villainy and rob us, let us know it at once. Let us give him over to the punishment which his infamy merits."

"But, sir, there may be reasons why we should not care to publish his crime to the world, and why we should wish to shield him from its consequences."

Mr. Powell groaned aloud. His frame quivered as if beneath the scourge.

Unheeding, Mr. Carrington flushed with indignation.

"What!" he cried, bringing his cane down with an angry thump; "compound with a felon! shield a traitor from his just deserts! Mr. Beaumont, I fail to understand you."

"We may feel a personal interest in the delinquent," said the cashier, meaningly.

Again was Mr. Powell racked by a throes of anguish.

Mr. Carrington gazed at the cashier with slow-coming consciousness. Slowly the blood mounted into his forehead, and he said, in a measured voice:

"Mr. Beaumont, speak out what is in your mind. Let us have something more tangible than hints and innuendoes."

"Mr. Carrington," said Cecil, with piercing directness, yet in a voice that apparently trembled with feeling, "the words of Tiger Dick were—'For the sake of your family pride and for the honor of your name.' There lie all the latch-keys of this establishment, save two—one of which Mr. Powell has in his own possession. I do not say that the other cannot be produced. I hope as sincerely as any one that it can. But had we not better look into the matter, before we place it out of our hands—before it gets beyond our control?"

Mr. Powell wrung his hands and sobbed aloud.

The color faded from Mr. Carrington's face; and he drew himself up with flashing eyes and set lips.

"Mr. Beaumont," he said, with stern dignity, "you are making a very grave charge."

"I have made no charges, as yet, sir," replied the cashier, respectfully, yet firmly. "I have merely placed facts into such juxtaposition as seems to me to indicate their true significance. I cannot express to you the pain it has cost me to say what it has seemed my duty to say. I can only assure you that no one will feel more relieved and thankful than I, to see evidence produced that shall counter-vail the present melancholy appearances. You will perceive that I am actuated by motives of consideration for those upon whom this blow will fall, if it fall it must. My only aim is to ascertain where the blow will fall, before we submit the matter to the iron hand of the law, which strikes blindly, seeking its victim wherever he is to be found, neither asking, nor caring, how many innocent ones it may strike through him."

"Stop a moment, Mr. Beaumont," said Mr. Carrington. "You have dropped a thread. The words of the prisoner may have the significance which you attach to them, or they may be merely selected for effect, the framer imitating the sensational plays to which he has listened. Again, the evidence of the keys has no weight, as there has been no opportunity for their return of the missing one."

"I recognize that fact, sir," admitted Cecil.

"Taken together," pursued Mr. Carrington, "they only indicate the direction in which suspicion of complicity in this crime would seem to point. You have yet to adduce evidence that the same person made those imitations and drew that draft."

Mr. Powell stopped his labored breathing, and tried to check the trembling of his frame, to listen. Mr. Carrington sat with hands gripping the head of his cane, lips tightly compressed, brows knit, and eyes on the ground. Cecil spoke as if every word were wrung from him.

"I have told you that I put the pieces of burnt paper in my desk and forgot all about them. Nothing occurred to recall them to mind until yesterday morning. As it was a legal holiday, some of the clerks did not come to the bank at all, and the others not until late. I came at the usual hour and found the bank empty. I passed into my bedroom and began to shave, preparatory to setting out for the picnic. I had just got fairly to work, when some one entered the counting-room. Knowing it to be one of the clerks, I did not stop, but kept on until I had finished shaving. As my door was closed, any one in the bank could not hear what slight noise I might make; but I could hear him enter and walk across the floor. When I had finished, I stepped to the door to see who had come in."

"Mr. Frederick Powell was at his desk, not half a dozen steps from my room door. As he heard the door open, he caught up a couple of papers and tossed them into the desk, but not before I had seen that one of them was a letter in his father's handwriting, and that on the other he had been imitating the writing and copying the signature. Then he turned around, flushed very red."

"I then remembered the burnt papers in my desk, and wondered that I had not recognized the writing before, though the truth is, I had not given the matter much thought. I still saw in the fact of copying the signature only curiosity to test one's skill with the pen. I should as soon have thought Frederick capable of any other crime, as of making an improper use of the skill he might thus acquire. So little was I inclined to suspicion that his evident confusion made no lasting impression on my mind, and was soon forgotten. If I thought of it at all, it was to attribute it to shame at being detected in so boyish a practice."

"It was not until to-day, when I found this draft among the others in the morning mail, that a doubt entered my mind. I confess that I was thinking of the words of the message sent by Tiger Dick. Perhaps that assisted my mind to bridge over the immense space between my preconceived notions of Frederick's character and the commission of such a crime. I then recalled his confusion of the morning before, and remembered that the burnt paper was found at about the date of the draft. I got the burnt papers, compared the signatures, and found the writing identical."

"That, sir, is my chain of evidence, with a single reservation, which is Mr. Powell's secret, not mine."

Cecil Beaumont ceased speaking, with the air of a man who had performed a painful

duty. Mr. Carrington, frowning darkly, preserved silence. The father spoke in a tone of heart-wringing anguish:

"Tell it all! Hold nothing in reserve."

"It is the matter which we discussed three weeks ago," said Cecil, as if willing to spare him the agony of reopening that wound.

"Go on. It must all be told. I can bear it better now than at another time. God help my poor boy!"

"Three weeks ago," resumed Cecil, "Frederick was brought home in a state of intoxication. His father wished to learn something of his associates and habits, and took me into his confidence. While we were discussing the matter, I caught sight of a chum of Frederick's—"

"Oh, God! and such a chum!" groaned the parent, in a quivering voice.

"I called him in," resumed Cecil; "and while Mr. Powell was in my bedchamber, with the door ajar, got him to talking about Frederick, and learned that he had won a hundred dollars the night before from Tiger Dick, the man who was placed under arrest last night, and has as good as admitted himself concerned in the robbery, in all probability its chief."

"This fact supplied the motive. The gambler cannot always be successful. Reverse is sure to come. With it comes the insane desire to retrieve what has been lost. The salary of a bank-clerk, even with the addition of a liberal allowance, cannot sustain such a drain. Forgery is hazardous. The appetite is insatiable. And desperation prompts a bold stroke for a large stake."

"That is the case as it appears to me. No one can lament it more sincerely than I do. No one could be more gladly convinced that he was in error than I."

CHAPTER XI.

DAMNING PROOF.

THERE was a long silence in the banker's private room, after Cecil Beaumont ceased speaking. Mr. Carrington sat in troubled thought, his chin resting on his hands, which were in turn supported by his cane. With his silver locks falling to his shoulders, his grizzled brows darkened by a painful frown, his eyes resting upon the ground, he was the impersonation of condemnation. Mr. Powell leaned forward on his desk, his head bowed upon his arms, his form shaken by throes of anguish—the picture of heartbroken grief. Cecil Beaumont sat near, with the attitude and look of sympathizing sorrow; but from beneath the mask, a devil looked out at his eyes, gloating on the scene of wretchedness before him. One might have taken him for a ghoul—a human vampire. He was thinking of the pistol that rested over his heart, and of a dark-haired woman with downcast eyes and skirts

love—to know that you have robbed me! Oh, my boy—my poor, misguided boy!”

With head bowed to his knees, he wrung his hands and moaned and sobbed, while tears, such as only a father can shed, watered the ground at his feet.

Harold Carrington, too, gazed into the desk; and the righteous indignation that blazed in his eyes—those eyes that had looked upon three score years and ten of unswerving integrity—was quenched by the dews of sorrow. His iron frame, that had withstood the storms of seventy winters, now shook beneath the stroke of grief. The head that had been held erect through a long life of uprightness and honor, was now for the first time bowed in shame.

Cecil Beaumont looked into the desk, and saw, just as he himself had placed it, lying loose upon everything else, a sheet of paper covered with the name, “JOHN POWELL, President,” and near the bottom an irregular scratch of the pen, as if the writer had been suddenly interrupted. Just beneath it, and shoved a little to one side, was a letter in the handwriting of the true John Powell.

The cashier trembled with suppressed excitement, and his eyelids drooped, to hide the laughing devil that looked from behind the mask.

Suddenly Mr. Carrington was agitated by a storm of bitter indignation, that drove every other feeling from his heart. His breast heaved, his eyes blazed, his grizzled lip quivered with emotion.

“Inebriate—gambler—forger—burglar! It needs but one crime to crown the climax. Let him add murder or suicide to the list, and he will have reached the acme!”

“Stop—stop!” cried the father. “I can not bear that, even from you!”

He arose, took from the desk the paper that branded his son a forger, folded in it the scraps of burnt paper, and touching a match to it, watched it, as it curled up and blackened in the flames.

“Like most things in this world, it all ends in smoke,” said Mr. Carrington, sarcastically. Mr. Powell turned upon his father-in-law with something of the combative in his tones.

“Mr. Carrington,” he said, “I do not depreciate the enormity of this crime. I offer not one word in extenuation. But, however guilty, he is still my son. You cannot expect me to rivet the felon’s chains upon him with my own hand.”

“It is nothing that I am called upon to compound a felony,” said the old man, sturdily. “Right is right, and justice is justice, be it meted out to Jew or Gentile!”

“Sir, you are not unnatural. You have a heart. Cannot you temper your justice with mercy? Remember, we are none of us without sin. And could you commit your own flesh and blood to a prison and chains? Remember, he is Martha’s child—Martha, that took such pride in him, and as she held him on her knee, and brushed the hair from his forehead, pictured, with a mother’s fond faith in her first-born, the noble manhood that awaited him. Oh, God! does she see him now?”

He broke down again, at the remembrance of his wife. And the old man, thus appealed to in the name of his child, was not unmoved. Slowly his eyes filled. Then a tear trickled down his grizzled beard, and fell upon the back of his hand. He gazed at it, and the counting-room, the stricken father, and all the sin and shame and misery of the present, faded from his memory; and in their place came a bright nursery, with a sunny-haired girl, who displayed before him, with all a young mother’s pride, her little curly-headed baby-boy, in his first pants and boots; and, as she clasped him in her arms, cried:

“See! isn’t he almost a man?”

“I ask no one to bear my burdens,” pursued Mr. Powell. “No one shall suffer in so much as a cent through me or mine. My means are ample enough to cover this whole loss, and it shall be made up to the last mill, though it beggar me.”

“John,” said his father-in-law, with a tremor of wounded sensibilities in his voice, “that is unworthy of you. You know that I have never given the money a single thought. I would give all that I ever possessed, if it would lighten, by a single shade, the black stain of dishonor that has fallen upon Martha’s boy. I have been hard on you, John, and on him—not that I love him less than you do; but the habits of thought of a lifetime are not to be shaken off in a moment; and I have been so proud of him; I have had such bright anticipations of his future, that the crime, in him, seemed of tenfold deeper a dye, than in another. John, take my hand. He is mine as well as yours. We must bear this together.”

Mr. Powell wrung the hand of his father-in-law, and, bowing over it, wept like a child.

“Father,” he said, “I thank you! I knew that you loved him. But there is one hope we may still cling to. He may not be guilty of this last iniquity. Let us not condemn him utterly, until he has had a chance to clear himself. He may yet produce his key.”

“Pray God that he may!” said the old man, fervently.

While yet they were speaking, a sound of tapping attracted their attention, and turning they beheld Fred looking in at the window. Instantly every trace of softness left Mr. Carrington’s manner, and he again stood forth the judge. Mr. Powell, too, remembered that he was a parent, and the tenderest point, and the unmixt grief of a moment before gave place to a look of stern displeasure. Cecil Beaumont’s emotions may be gathered from his uttered reflection, which was:

“Curse you! come along. Everything is prime for your reception.”

“Admit him, Mr. Beaumont,” said the father, in a voice that sounded unnatural to himself. He was thinking: “Why does he wait for us to open the door? Why does he not unlock it and enter without delay?”—and the flush of surprise at seeing him faded away again with the reflection.

CHAPTER XII.

CONDEMNED WITHOUT A HEARING.

It was late when Fred Powell awoke, after his night’s disquisition. What with a splitting headache and remorse of conscience, he was about as wretched as a young man could be. Emerging from the boat-house, he plunged his head into the river, which, before mingling with the turbid waters of the Mississippi, was a limpid stream. Then he went home, to refresh his toilet, where May met him at the door in tears.

“Oh, Fred!” she cried, “where have you been? Something dreadful has happened. The bank was robbed last night, and they have a man in jail whom they suppose to have been concerned in it. They call him Tiger Dick, or something of that sort.”

“Tiger Dick!” repeated Fred, and he changed color.

“Yes. And he sent a dreadful message to papa, and you are to go to him immediately.”

“I—to Tiger Dick?” cried Fred, and he drew back, paling, May thought, with guilty fear.

She had listened to the words of Jimmy Duff, and comprehended all that they implied. After the quarrel at the boat-landing between her brother and Cecil, she had said to the latter:

“Why is Fred so bitter against you, Cecil? I am sure you have given him no just cause for dislike.”

“It is painful to discuss with a sister her brother’s failings,” had been Cecil’s reply; “but, of course, you are not ignorant of the evil ways into which Fred has fallen of late.”

“No; and it has wounded me to the heart to see him fallen so low.”

And the sister hung her head in shame at the brother’s weakness.

“You know that I always had the kindest of feelings toward Fred,” pursued the arch-hypocrite at her side; “and as I saw him going from one excess to another, I felt as if I should do something to save him, but I felt a delicacy about interfering unasked.”

“You are always considerate and kind, Cecil,” said May. “But your relations with me—” and she blushed slightly and glanced shyly into his face—“gave you the right to warn us.”

“At any rate,” pursued Cecil, “this bar was removed, when your father came to me for help. Then I called one of Fred’s associates into the bank, and, through him, learned all.”

“All?” asked May; for her father had told her nothing beyond what had unavoidably come to her knowledge, that Fred had come home in a state of intoxication; and with a natural curiosity she sought to draw the rest from Cecil.

“Yes,” he replied, in a sorrowfully-meditative tone, “his association with such fast young men as Billy Sanderson, his dissipation, and, worst of all, his frequenting the gambling-hell of Tiger Dick.”

“What! my brother a gambler?” cried May, pale and trembling.

Cecil started.

“Why, did you not tell me that you knew all this?” he asked, in apparent surprise.

“Oh, Fred! Fred!” cried the wretched girl, “I would not have believed it of you.”

“May,” said Cecil, with pretended regret, “I should not have told you of this, but I understood you to say that you knew it already.”

“And with that bad man, Tiger Dick—your enemy, Cecil,” pursued May, without heeding his words.

“Yes,” said Cecil; “and he seems to have gained such an influence over Fred, that I fear he has poisoned his mind against me. And then Fred learned of my agency in the enlightenment of his father, and hates me on that account, though God knows that it was only to secure his real well-being that I was induced to act.”

All this recurred to May’s mind, as her brother shrunk away with such a startled look, and cried:

“I—to Tiger Dick?”

She thought him self-condemned by his actions, and covering her face with her hands, said, brokenly:

“No, no; not to Tiger Dick; but to papa. He is at the bank with grandfather.”

Fred Powell, hastened by his sister, not stopping to analyze the sudden emotion that had come over her, ascended to his room. Having rearranged his toilet, he passed out on the street again, and walked toward the business part of the city.

On a corner he came across a group of men discussing the last sensation; and, pretending to look into a shop window, he stopped to listen to their conversation.

“Found ten trussed up like a pair of Christmas turkeys?” one of them was saying, with a coarse laugh. “And the joke of it was, they made the cashier unlock the strong-box and trot out the spondoolicks.”

“How did they get in without wakin’ ’em up?” asked a bystander.

“Skeleton keys,” replied the first speaker.

“And what about Tiger Dick? They say they’ve got him in the lock-up.”

“Too true!” said the first speaker, with a leer that set the others to laughing.

“And did he have his pockets stuffed with skads?”

“Nary skad! Some is uncharitable enough to think that he had a finger in this pie; but old Powell hasn’t lodged no complaint yet, and so they can’t hold the Tiger for nothing but resisting arrest. You see, he plumped right into the arms of Pat Croghan, come out of an alleyway, and as they went to grass together, Pat’s noddy had a round with a flag stone. It didn’t hurt the stone none, but it built an addition on the back of Pat’s head. He was as chipper as you please that night, but this morning he ain’t so lively, by a few. They’ll hang on to the Tiger until they find out how he’s going to turn out.”

Fred passed on, and as he approached the bank discovered that his keys were not in his possession. He searched in every pocket, but they were not to be found. Then he returned to the boat-house, and from there to his home, but with no better success. Giving them up as lost, he again set out for the bank, unconscious of how much depended upon the possession of them.

The door was opened by Cecil, and Fred passed him by, with ill-concealed contempt.

Mr. Carrington stood erect in the middle of the room, his piercing eyes fixed immovably on Fred’s face. The father gazed sadly, wisely on his son, noting the marks of recent dissipation. Fred saw the condemnation in their looks, and attributing it to displeasure at the dissipation of which he was actually guilty, and knowing nothing of the blighting suspicion that hung over him, stood before them abashed, with hanging head and downcast eyes.

“Father, you wish to see me?” he said, in a low tone, and he looked a criminal on his defense.

Slowly the frown on Mr. Carrington’s brow darkened, his piercing gaze became more intense, his bearded lip quivered, and his hand closed over the head of his cane with a tighter grip. The father gazed upon his boy with humid, bloodshot eyes, and said, in a tone that was almost a sob:

“Where have you been, Frederick? We have been waiting for you over an hour.”

The flush of shame deepened on Fred Powell’s cheek and his head sunk lower, while a frown of self-hatred knit his brows. Then a look of reckless bravado came into his face. He raised his head, and said, with a swagger: “I don’t try to whitewash my conduct. I had too much to drink last night, and didn’t care to go home, so I slept in the club boat-house. I see it’s all out. I suppose that smooth-faced hypocrite yonder has been spying upon me again.”

Not the open avowal of degradation, nor yet the spiteful fling at Cecil, but the swagger in his manner and the one word of slang in his first sentence set the blood to seething in the veins of old Mr. Carrington. As it had never

done with age, his tall form shook and swayed beneath the storm of indignation that threatened at every moment to burst forth.

Cecil Beaumont could afford to forego the resentment of any sting from his writhing victim; and though a flush of anger swept to the roots of his hair at the opprobrious epithet, he curbed his feelings, and said, with an air of forbearance and misjudged friendship:

“Mr. Powell, I can overlook your insult, considering the circumstances under which it is uttered. But, sir, although I long since saw and deprecated your downward course, I refrained from interfering, through feelings of delicacy, until your father came to me. Then, he knows with what reluctance I said aught that would bring you under his displeasure.”

“Stop!” thundered Mr. Carrington, rising, with the majesty of righteous indignation and outraged forbearance. “An honest man must not stand on his defense before such a knave! Where, sir, is your key to yonder door?”

The old man towered aloft like some judging spirit, the veins standing out on his forehead in knots, his eyes blazing, his snow-white beard quivering as it rested on his breast, his arm outstretched and the long, vibrant finger pointing to the bank door.

Mr. Powell started up and stretched out his hands, as if to avert the storm from the head of his son. For a moment, Fred shrunk beneath the stinging lash of the old man’s rage. Then his eyes began to flash, his form to dilate, until he stood as erect, as haughty as his accuser.

“Sir,” he said, giving him glance for glance, “I do not recognize your right to command me!”

“Frederick! Frederick!” cried his father, with clasped hands, “for God’s sake, produce the key!”

“Why should I produce it?” demanded the son.

“Do not ask me; but for the love of Heaven, give it to me—if you can!”

The last three words fell from the father’s lips like a wall of despair.

Understanding nothing of what lay beneath the intense excitement of those before him—bewildered, touched by the wild agony of his father’s tones—Fred turned toward him with a look of wondering compassion, and there was a tremor of tenderness in his voice, as he said:

“Father, I do not know why you ask me for the key in such a tone. But I cannot give it to you. It is not in my possession. I have lost it.”

“Pah!” aspirated the old man, with a sneer of scathing contempt and incredulity.

“Oh, God! he has not the key!” groaned the anguished father.

“Why do you ask me for the key? I tell you I have lost it. I had it last night, but this morning I cannot find it.”

“Boy! boy!” cried the old man, white with wrath and indignation, “do not add lying and hypocrisy to your other crimes. If you are not prepared to make confession, do not hold out the plea of innocence—do not try to palm off upon us so shabby a pretext.”

More and more bewildered, only beginning to realize vaguely that some terrible crime was imputed to him, outraged in feelings that the case should be prejudged and he be deemed guilty without the opportunity of a defense, Fred retorted with clenched fists, white lips and quivering nostrils:

“Old man, your gray hairs plead for you, else should no consideration of relationship save you from the weight of my arm!”

“Speak not of our relationship! The claim of consanguinity with such as you were a disgrace to the hangman! See! I repudiate you, now and forever!”

The old man made a gesture of royal disdain, as with a wave of his hand he severed the ties that had bound them. It was as if he cast from him some loathsome reptile. “I care nothing for your repudiation,” retorted Fred, with no falling off of spirit; “nor have I the faintest idea of what actuates you to such a step. But, whatever may be the crimes at which you so darkly hint, I declare that their imputation to me is false—utterly false!”

This reiterated denial goaded the old man to a frenzy of indignation. Leaning forward and beating a tattoo with his extended forefinger on the draft that lay upon the desk, he demanded, with blazing eyes:

“Frederick Powell, did you sign that draft?”

(To be continued—commenced in No. 271.)



A Victim of Curiosity.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

MR. POPPLETON was a bachelor, and the bachelor was in love. Mr. Poppleton lived with his brother. He had been trying for fifteen years past to get up sufficient courage to propose to some lady, but, as yet, he had failed to do so. He had come across two or three women whom he fancied, but, for the life of him, he didn’t dare ask them to become Mrs. Poppleton.

About a month before the opening of this veracious chronicle, Miss Arabella Wright had come down from the country to visit his brother’s wife. Miss Wright was a maiden lady of thirty, or thirty-five, and a very well-preserved specimen of her class. Mr. Poppleton took a mental inventory of her, and her attachments, and concluded that she looked as well, and was quite as little artificial, as any woman he knew of her age; in fact, he concluded that she looked rather better than most women of her age. She wore some false hair, but everybody else did, nowadays, and as long as it was the fashion he didn’t see why Miss Wright shouldn’t follow it. Her teeth were not false, he knew. Perhaps she painted, but that was expected in these times, and because she was an old maid he didn’t see why she should be debarred from the privileges accorded the rest of her sex. He couldn’t see why people made fun of old maids for wearing false hair and teeth, and painting their faces, when married women could practice all these tricks with impunity.

Before she had been there two weeks, he was head over heels in love with her. He acknowledged as much to his brother, whom he made to promise solemnly, before he revealed the secret to him, that he would never breathe a word of it to any living soul.

“Because, you see,” explained Mr. Poppleton, “I don’t want her to find it out.”

“What’s the use of being in love with her, if she isn’t to find it out?” asked his brother.

“Well, you see,” answered Mr. Poppleton, “I may never marry. I’m thinking about it, it’s true, but I may conclude that I don’t love her well enough, or that my circumstances

won’t admit of it, and I don’t want to raise any expectations in her mind that may never be realized. I wish to spare her pain, you see.”

“You’re afraid to ask her to have you, and that’s all there is to it,” said his brother, who, having passed the ordeal, hadn’t much sympathy for any one who dreaded to ask the awful question.

“No, it isn’t,” answered Mr. Poppleton. “But, remember, your promise.”

Which he did, until he got where his wife was, and then proceeded to tell her how the case stood.

“You leave it to me,” said Mrs. Poppleton; “I’ll make a match of it.”

Mrs. Poppleton began to lay plans to bring about the consummation of what had been a pet scheme with her for some time; but she had been wise enough not to say anything about it. She knew her brother-in-law too well to even hint at such a thing as his marrying Miss Wright. If she had done that, and given him to understand that she hoped such a thing would take place, he would have taken fright at once.

“I like Arabella very much,” she said one day, when she was in the sitting-room alone with bachelor Poppleton. “I hope, if she marries that man, that she’ll be happy. She deserves to be.”

“Marries what man?” asked Mr. Poppleton, betraying a keen interest at once.

“A man who likes her pretty well, and who’d give a good deal to get her,” answered Mrs. Poppleton, as if she were not disposed to be very communicative. “Arabella’s told me a little about it, but she wouldn’t like to have me tell you, of course. He’s a nice man, I think, but I’m not quite sure she’ll marry him. She doesn’t like to go into such matters headlong.”

“She’s wise there,” said Mr. Poppleton. “I admire her for her prudence and carefulness. She’s a fine woman, I think.”

“Yes, Arabella’s a smart woman,” answered his sister-in-law, who was delighted at the success of her stratagem, and hoped it would bring about the desired result. Mr. Poppleton was evidently alarmed for fear he might lose the prize he coveted.

Mr. Poppleton was alarmed. He determined to put the momentous question to Miss Wright the very first opportunity that presented itself. But, when the opportunity came, as it did not long after, he didn’t dare to open his mouth, for fear he should ask her to marry him.

“Good Lord! What a fool I be!” he exclaimed, when he was safe in his bedroom. “Here I am dying to ask her to have me, and when I get a chance, I haven’t! I’m sure she’d say yes; and I know I’ll never find another woman I like as well as I do her; but—I don’t know what makes me feel so; I turn faint, and feel just as if I was almost gone. It’s awful! And if I don’t ask her, that other fellow’ll get her, and I’ll always feel to regret my foolishness; but somehow I can’t help it. I wish I could.”

Mrs. Poppleton began to get indignant at her poor brother-in-law. All he had to do, she knew, was to ask the question. He needn’t dread a refusal. She managed that he should have any amount of opportunities, but he wouldn’t take advantage of any of them. She was quite out of patience with him.

One day she went visiting with Miss Wright, and Mr. Poppleton was left to keep house. Now, unlike most men, Mr. Poppleton had as much curiosity as any woman. And it was a rash attempt to gratify it that got him into the predicament which resulted in his getting into the predicament of marriage.

It was late in the afternoon. He had read some, and dozed a good deal, and was getting tired of staying alone. He wandered about aimlessly, up-stairs and down-stairs, wondering when Miss Wright would come back. Just as this thought came into his head, he was passing the door of her room, and looking that way, he saw that it was a trifle ajar.

Instantly Mr. Poppleton’s curiosity was excited. “I wonder how it looks in there?” he said to himself. “I’m going in to see.”

He opened the door with a little feeling of awe. He was treading on forbidden ground.

How neat everything looked! Things weren’t laying around in the promiscuous way they were in his room. Everything was in its proper place. He didn’t see a speck of dust on anything. Probably he wouldn’t if there had been an inch of it.

“I wonder what is in this closet?” said this inquisitive man, as his eyes caught sight of a little door. “It won’t do any harm to look in.”

He opened the door and looked in. The first thing he saw was a skeleton skirt. He almost jumped at the sight of it.

“The funniest thing,” said Mr. Poppleton, touching it with some misgiving as to the propriety of his doing so. It quivered all over, and came rattling down about his head like a living thing. He did jump then, and almost screamed, he was so startled.

He bent down to pick it up, and his terrible curiosity got the upper hand of his prudence.

“I wonder how I’d look with one of the queer things on?” he thought, and stood there for a whole minute debating with himself as to whether it would do to gratify his desire to see how it would seem to wear crinoline. “I’ll try it,” he concluded. “No one’ll know it.”

Accordingly he proceeded to put it on by poking his feet through the binding, and pulling it on like trousers. He buckled the mysterious combination of springs and tapes about him, getting terribly red in the face over it.

“Well, I declare!” ejaculated Mr. Poppleton, surveying himself in the glass. “I don’t see what there is about hoops that women should consider so nice. ‘I don’t like ’em.’”

Just then he heard a sound that caused every hair upon his head to straighten up, and made his flesh creep with terror. It was Miss Wright’s laugh in the hall. They had come back. They were coming up-stairs. What should he do?

He tore at the buckle with all his strength, but it wouldn’t unfasten. He couldn’t break loose by pulling or wrenching the terrible thing. It clung to him like grim death.

“Oh, Lord!” groaned poor Poppleton, as the voices sounded nearer, while great drops of sweat stood all over his face like peas. “I wish I was dead!”

The voices were at the door. He glared about desperately. He discovered another door. He didn’t stop to think where it opened. He gave one flying leap, with his crinoline rattling about his legs, and made an exit from Miss Wright’s room, just as she paused on the threshold to say something to his sister-in-law.

He glanced wildly about him. He was out of the frying-pan, but he had got into the fire, for he was in his sister-in-law’s room, and she was coming!

He grabbed a bed-quilt and wrapped it about

the horrid sign of his weakness. How the springs rattled! He knew they were laughing at him. He dodged down behind the foot-board of the bed, just as Laura came in.

“I say,” he called out, faintly.

“Goodness!” cried Laura, with a little scream. “Who spoke?”

“I did,” answered Mr. Poppleton. “Don’t be frightened. I’m in an awful predicament.”

“For the land’s sake! How you scared me!” cried his sister-in-law, half inclined to run. “What’s the matter, and how did you come in here?”

“I’ve got to make a clean breast of it, I suppose,” said poor Poppleton, rising up to the rattling accompaniment of Miss Wright’s crinoline. “Don’t scream, now, and don’t laugh, will you?”

“No, I won’t,” promised his sister-in-law, wondering.

Whereupon Mr. Poppleton stalked out from behind the footboard, with the reddest face you ever saw, and looking as foolish as it is possible for a man to look.

“Oh, my gracious!” exclaimed his sister-in-law. “I never saw anything so comical in my life! To think of you in hoops! Oh, dear, I’ve got to scream!”

“Don’t!” implored Mr. Poppleton. “I’ll do any thing in the world for you if you’ll keep still, and never breathe one word of this. I will, I declare.”

“If you’ll ask Miss Wright to marry you, inside of an hour, I’ll promise,” was her reply.

“I’ll give you just an hour to ask her. If you haven’t done it by that time, I’ll tell all about the scrape I caught you in.”

“I’ll do it,” groaned Poppleton. “Might as well die one way as another. Help me out of this confounded thing.”

His sister-in-law got him out of the crinoline in no time, and he left the room with an injunction to “Remember” ringing in his ears.

He waited a quarter of an hour; at the end of that time he hadn’t mustered up courage to ask the dreadful question. He waited for half an hour, and felt sick of life. The minutes seemed to fly, and before he knew it, three-quarters of his hour were gone. He began to get desperate. Something must be done.

“I’ve got to do it,” he groaned. “I’d about as soon die. I’m afraid it’ll scare me to death; but—I’m going to do it, if I die in the attempt,” and with a heart that kept beating a perfect tattoo on his ribs, and the courage of desperation in his breast, he marched up-stairs and knocked at Miss Wright’s door.

“Why, Mr. Poppleton!” she exclaimed, when she saw who it was. “What can you want?”

“I came to see if you’d marry me,” cried Mr. Poppleton, with the explosiveness of a pop-gun. “I’ve been waiting to ask you for a fortnight, and I couldn’t wait any longer.”

“It seems to be a little sudden,” said Miss Wright, really blushing; “but I don’t know that I have any objections.”

Whereupon Mr. Poppleton was delighted to think that at last he had actually “done it,” and felt so wonderfully relieved that he kissed her several times, and finding that that didn’t scare him to death, he suddenly grew bold, and kissed her several times more.

It was more than a year after Mr. Poppleton took unto himself a wife before his sister-in-law told of his predicament.

But, he’d got over caring any thing about it by that time.

“If it hadn’t been for that hoop-skirt I do believe I’d have been an old bachelor now,” he declared. “That was the luckiest thing I ever did.”

The Letter-Box.

HANNAH L. (Greenwood Lake) writes:

“Will you tell me what kind of oil to use upon my hair; also, what treatment of the hair will prevent its falling out and promote its growth?” You should stimulate the scalp by daily use of a stiff brush; one hundred strokes may be given in four minutes, and are none too many per day. Use comb as little as possible, but brush much. Cleanse the scalp and hair thoroughly, occasionally, in a bath of tepid water, to which a bit of hartshorn has been added, rinsing nicely. Trim the ends of the hair once a month. Never sleep with your hair tied or pinned, but brush and braid loosely. Avoid the use of all dyes, dressings and oils, if possible. If any grease is used, mix glycerine with ammonia and apply, as it will not soil the nicest hat.

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It will prove a welcome Summer treat to the large class of readers who enjoy a through and thorough Romance of Wild Western Life.

The Arm-Chair.

It was Sidney Smith who said: "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style."

This is often quoted as a specimen of Smith's wit, but if written in fun it is in sober earnest. Obliterating every other word might make queer English; but carry on the process of expurgation and condensation until only one-half the words first employed are retained, and you have the very essence of expression. Some of the elegances may disappear, but the fact or idea remains, standing out like the single eye in the giant's forehead.

A barren or hard style is preferable at any time to a diffuse one. In these days of much reading mere time is so essential to readers that he who says as much in a page as another says in two pages has studied the art of expression to some purpose.

It is an art to know how to write. Our schools don't teach it, we know, for teachers, as a general thing, are among the wordiest writers for the press; it must be learned by that practice which makes perfect.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio, who has not yet bought his summer clothes, reminds us a manuscript (from the proceeds of which the clothes are to come), and adds, as a kind of make-weight to induce acceptance: "It is dreadfully hot, and iron dogs are beginning to sweat. I am keeping shady and trying to invent some way to make my living this season without working. Haven't invented the machine yet, but have got a good foundation for it—laziness."

To develop laziness is not our first duty, but in this case we shall encourage it, if it will induce the author to "let up" on literary work. Such a shower of "seasonable articles" as pour in upon us induces us to believe that, as the weather grows hotter, authors grow more industrious. Is it that they all want a suit of summer clothes?

Whatever the reason, we hope our Buckeye correspondent will not hurry his invention, and will cover it with a patent right, that others may not use it. A machine that will turn out manuscript would be a calamity worse than the grasshopper plague.

Sunshine Papers.

Artists.

As I sat at my little table in the coziest nook of the restaurant, this is what my wandering eyes beheld out of the opposite window:

J. G. SCHMIDT,
 Pantaloon Artist.

I actually wanted to laugh, at first, the sign seemed so odd, and the idea so ridiculous of a tailor, a man who kept a shop and filled its windows with rows of spring-styled unmentionables, setting himself up for an artist! But, presently, under the inspiring influence of tea, or moved to a benevolent spirit by strawberries and cream, my heart began to soften toward this unknown Schmidt, and his assumption ceased to appear so absurd. Only I could not help thinking that it would have seemed less funny to have read coat-maker, hat-maker, or even boot and shoe-maker, than pantaloon-artist.

But has not Schmidt hit upon a correct idea, suggested in his sign a truism that would be well for other tradesmen to appreciate and make evident in their business? was the proposition that presented itself to my mind, as my eyes still lingered upon the novel announcement, and demanded a share of the absorbing attention I had hitherto devoted exclusively to my piled up saucer of luscious berries.

Schmidt makes pantaloons. He makes them

with reference to every class of buyer. They must meet the demands of wholesale and retail traders, of the plethoric purse and the small roll of bills; they must suit the thin man and accommodate the gentleman of aldermanic proportions, show to advantage the diminutive form of some egotistical little fop and add grace to the appearance of towering Adonises; they must be full and attenuated, plain and plaided, light and dark, heavy and fine. And yet every diverse pair of these much in demand articles must be quite perfect in its way, stylishly cut, neatly constructed, carefully finished. Schmidt is not so assuming, in calling himself an artist.

And, now one comes to think of it, why should not Jones, who makes shirts, and Thompson, the umbrella-maker, and Green, the barber, call themselves artists? And why should not our painters, and carpenters, and kalsominers, and chimney-sweeps aspire to that mode of nomenclature to add dignity to their professions?

A true artist loves his work, is devoted to it, and aims always to carry it nearer and nearer to perfection. He is never satisfied with mediocre attainments. He seeks to make every day's performance a triumph over the preceding one. And if Schmidt's spirit is: "Making pantaloons is my work; I am not ashamed of it; it is an honest business, and I will proudly aim to make my attainments artistically perfect, to add daily to my achievements," Schmidt is a true artist. If Jones, and Thompson, and Green, if our mechanics and tradesmen and laborers, seek to do the very best in their labors, to make the most perfect articles, to do the nicest work, they are artists.

To be an artist is to have soul. No mere material creature who performs some daily task as an engine daily drives a shaft, and eats and drinks that he may do this as an engine must be daily lubricated with oil, and cares not how his work is performed so it earns its wages, can be an artist. But, every man and woman, every girl and boy, who cares to do something, to be some one, can become as true and immortal an artisan in the world's great art-gallery as those famous men and women who, aiming to accomplish nothing less than their fairest, grandest, purest conceptions, have graven their names on an indestructible scroll with indelible pencil and brush. Anything worth the doing is worth well doing; and the greatest genius alike with the lowliest laborer is an artist truly only as he seems to think one thought, to do one deed, less than his loftiest ideas, his best accomplishment.

Ah! Schmidt, artist of pantalons! while I moralized on your suggestion to your fellow-craftsman, berries have vanished, and here comes a white-aproned waiter to minister to my further wants. Somehow, I drop into a little conversation with him; and, as if he, too, has learned a lesson from across the way, he answers to some of my inquiries:

"Yes, I am learning to like my work pretty well. It was the only business opening I could find at the time; and though people are given to think it a sort of low employment, I think any honest business is a credit. And if I do my work well it is no disgrace."

Bravo! white-aproned waiter! You have the true artist-spirit. Our employment is what we make it; with us lies the choice to be artists.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

SOMETIMES, when the long summer's days come and I have "nothing else to do," I love to wander away all by myself and find refuge under a shady oak, and sit by some pleasant stream, and give myself up to the enjoyment of nature and its manifold beauties. If I have a pleasant book, I have company enough to entertain me, and, when I grow weary of that, I can sit listening to the music of the birds and the bees, who seem so happy because they are so free. Everything seems glad; everything wears a bright and joyous look; wherever I turn, all seems radiant with happiness, and the world doesn't appear one-half so bad as the persons who strive to make us think it is, or as the persons themselves are.

Even in the graveyard the flowers are blooming and the sun is casting its rays on many a sculptured stone; it seems almost a privilege to lie there, everything is so calm and restful.

One stone is erected to the memory of a dear little fellow who was brought home one day, drowned; after saving the lives of others he lost his own. Bright and good was his life, and we wondered why he was taken and others less worthy left. Perhaps he was too good for earth and God loved him so much that He wanted him by His side. At his funeral his mother said, "He never caused me one moment's sorrow." Was not such a character a princely legacy to leave behind him? Oh, how that mother loved her darling boy! And I did not think her love any the less when I saw her bending over that stone and heard her exclaim, "Much as I loved you, my own boy, I had rather have your body lie beneath this turf, innocent as you were, than to have you grow up vicious and depraved."

Over there by the hill is a little cottage, in which dwell a man and wife, with but one little boy. I know the fellow is a clever little chap, and yet he seems to be continually under the displeasure of his parents, for their plaint is ever—"Tommy, you mustn't do this," or "Tommy, you mustn't do that," until I should think Tommy would get quite discouraged in striving to do anything whatever. Then, while I am enjoying my *dolce far niente*, I wonder how those parents would feel if Tommy were to be stolen away by Charley Ross was, and have the haunting thought come that he was being cruelly treated?

I can watch the haymakers from my cozy place of rest, and I think how much happier are they—though their work is hard—than those who toil in the hot and stifling cities. How refreshing are the pure milk, pure bread and butter, and pure fare, after a hard day's toil! How strong and healthy are those haymakers, full of life and vigor; they almost make one ashamed to be as listless as I am in watching them.

In Farmer Jones' meadow the cows are lazily chewing the cud and sleepily winking their eyes as they lie upon the ground. They appear to be enjoying their "sweet do nothing" as well as I. Happy creatures! they have no ills of the past to molest them and no troubles of the future to fear. Let them enjoy themselves to their heart's content. I've no wish to deprive them of their pleasures.

At my feet the water ripples along and the tiny fishes dart hither and yon, it almost seems a shame to catch them with a cruel hook, but as long as fishes abound so long will they be eaten. I do believe fishes have become adepts in the game of "Hide and Seek," else they would not chase each other as they do. What a good time they do have, and I verily believe that the individual who wrote the song, "I would I were a fish," saw the finny tribe sporting near the river's brink as I do when I am enjoying my *dolce far niente*.

How sleepy one gets when watching these things, and what an irresistible desire to nod one's head and go dozing into the wonderful land of dreams! The more you strive to keep awake, and the more you say you will not be caught napping, the less power have you to accomplish the same.

And in my pathway through dreamland I find no thorns, no briars, no gossips, no scandal, no care nor turmoil—naught but peace and quietude. There's not such an eternal worry for the bread and butter, and not such an eternal struggle for money. Such dreams are pleasant and quickening. One seems to wander on and on, and never tires of seeing new scenes and novel surroundings. If Eden were like these dreams, I don't wonder my namesake felt great regrets at leaving it. I know I should.

And while I am leaving the world of realities far behind me, the time has been passing rapidly. Grandma Lawless wakes me from my somnolence with the somewhat prosaic remark, "It's time to prepare tea, Eve."

So ends my *dolce far niente*, for that day, at least.

EVE LAWLESS.

HOW SHALL WE DRESS?

THERE have been common-sense reformers who advised suiting the dress to occasion, but we all know how that would work. To go marketing in wash-poplin or calico and shopping in plain alpaca might be in accordance with our better judgment, but who has the moral courage to set the example?

You cannot, for would not the Browns, Joneses and Robinsons cut you dead, look over with that level stare of contemptuous wonder, the very thought of which makes you shrink within yourself at the temerity which for one moment impelled you to consider the subject? The dining-room carpet is going into shreds, and you do need one of those cheap tapestry table-covers dreadfully, and as for morning-wrappers—you haven't a decent one to your back any longer; but, no matter: your street dress must be perfection or you are one among the common herd, whom nobody cares to wait upon, whom not one in a hundred will turn out of his way to accommodate. You would be jostled on the street corners and in the crowded thoroughfare, the drayman would graze you with a wheel at the crossing, the fishmonger and the butcher's boy would brush you with their burdens and the consolatory remark: "Lor', mum, that dress won't spile." You can't face the ignominy of these associations, but you must go shopping, so the last new suit is brought out and you feel a pardonable thrill of gratification as your eyes rest upon it.

It is dainty, delicate and ladylike in every detail—so are you as you survey the image your mirror throws back when you are fully arrayed in it. It is a black silk suit, of course—nothing else is serviceable as black silk you reflect—but let no one imagine you are about to be guilty of subjecting yourself to the practical test of appearing in a plain short walking-dress of the material which would not be unsuitable to the occasion. No, indeed! Your suit has white lace trimmings, rich and costly as they are pure and pleasing in effect, and it is made demi-train, a dozen narrow ruffles on the front breast—admirable attractions for all the dust aloft. You did hesitate a moment over that demi-train when you ordered the dress; the extra material required was an object, and you knew from sad experience how rapidly linings soil and bindings fray; but the tyrant-mistress, Fashion, left no alternative; with a sigh you succumbed to her demand. Your hat is a sweet French morsel of white puffy illusion, with a cluster of half-open moss-roses smothered in it; a white lace mantilla drapes your shoulders; your gloves are pearl-kid and you carry a dear little sun-umbrella, white-and-black silk and lace, to match your dress; and you look, as I said before, dainty and delicate and ladylike, and sally forth in a truly enviable state of mind.

But, suppose a shower comes up, suddenly, as showers sometimes do! The coating of gray-steel dust you have already received is washed in with the first sprinkle, while you beckon frantically for a stage. But you have missed the stage by half a minute and you take a street-car instead. It is thronged, of course, and you are crushed down into about three inches space, next a big, horrible man who chews tobacco and takes no trouble to eschew lace-trimmed frockcoats. More passengers crowd in; muddy boots occupy the standing room; you have a heart sick foreboding of worse to come; you make an attempt to twitch up your skirt; something rips, and somebody moves with a "Beg pardon, madam," you have a glimpse of the muddy impression of a slender boot-heel; the car lurches and a No. 11 brogan covers it; you lean back, despair in your heart and a very poor counterfeit of resignation in your face. The dress is ruined, and a new one must be forthcoming, the china dinner-service you have promised yourself must be given up; but, even then, not for one instant can you seriously contemplate anything more durable or less elaborate. One must put the best foot forward, one must look "genteel" or be nobody.

And why not be nobody if the cost of appearing "genteel" be a constant struggle, a constant sacrifice of home comforts and real satisfaction as it must be among people of limited means? Why not leave these rich costumes, attracting as they are where they belong to madame who can afford her carriage and does not feel the loss if one dress does come to untimely grief? Why not be content with the pretty wash fabrics that are presented to us in wider variety every year, until, by sparing undue demands upon a limited purse now, it swells to a plethoric plenitude which will defy the danger of utter collapse by a visitation of dull times? If that time does not promise, the hundred little attractive features which may be added to a cozy home by the surplus saved by this more economical style of dress will amply repay the effort of will requisite in adopting it.

J. D. B.

Foolsap Papers.

My New University.

It has long been the dream of my life to found a university which my name would be a credit to. I have never found anything to speak of yet, but I am going to found that institution and endow it with five hundred thousand dollars if I have to sell my old clothes to raise the money.

It will be the largest thing of the kind in the United States, and will afford every facility for the education of youth that can be devised; and if at the expiration of the term the student doesn't know more than his professor his money will be refunded.

The course of studies will be most complete, beginning with the elementary branches—that is, branches of peach and apple trees, which are so productive of good fruits;

and the scholar will pass the first month of the course in getting licked—without any other study. This is called the preparatory department, and will have every facility including thick walls to render it perfect.

Six lessons a day will be given each scholar by experienced masters in the art in all of its branches.

This is a department of early education which is too much neglected, yet very necessary.

The next branch will be the study of letters, which will be taught in every style, and no one who is not perfectly familiar with the alphabet will be allowed to graduate from this university no matter how great a scholar he may be, and graduates of other colleges shall begin at the beginning. Scholars shall be taught to read letters up-side down—turned round—up-set—knocked over—mashed up, broken in two—rolled up, and other ways. They shall be taught their love-letters which will be a special study.

The department of the higher classics shall be complete, and will include carrying the hod, by an eminent Irish professor; sawing wood, taught by an educated colored member of the Legislature; shoveling gravel, killing hogs, and every thing else included in the fine arts with classical tendencies.

Students will be taught in one year to know an English grammar from any other book at first sight, and parse any sentence that is given to them, or refer you to somebody else who can.

Geography made a specialty, and any student who doesn't know a map of the United States from a checker-board will be excluded from recitations for a week. They shall be able to tell the geographical location of any neighboring apple orchard, if it isn't laid down on the map, and know how to bound it, and to bound the fence. My geography is entirely a revised one, and I have gone to vast expense to do it. The African desert I have removed from its old place and piled it up around the north pole, taking the hot weather along with it. I have wholly obliterated the Niagara Falls so that vessels can pass to and fro from the lakes without sliding down a precipitous hill as heretofore. The Atlantic I have reduced to a narrow strait—somewhat crooked—and put the surplus water over into the Pacific, which is not a very important ocean. The State of Louisiana I have blotted out because there is so much trouble there that students don't like to go near it, even on the map. The unexplored center of Africa I have laid out in fine States and populous cities, with excellent farms, because it was such a waste of good territory to have it lying there in a state of wildness. I have placed Chicago within a few miles of New York for the express benefit of pedestrians who don't like to walk so much. Cuba is brought square up against the southern shore of the United States, so that you can go over to it on a plank. England is reduced to half its old size, and shoved up toward the north pole so the British will freeze out. The gold mines of California I have placed in the State of Pennsylvania, and Salt Lake City I have placed on the Sandwich Islands, where it naturally belongs.

Arithmetic shall be reduced to a science. I have added ten more new figures, as the original ten have been too few for computation of public debts, assets of insurance companies, defalcations, ages of some females, lectures of your wife, the full amounts of your fortunes in the old country, and the exact time when you'll get it. Students shall be taught how to divide—their hair in the middle; to add—an extra word whenever it isn't wanted; subtract—honey from beehives; and multiply—words with their superiors.

Students will be taught to read in all languages by the aid of my patent spectacles. The reading of novels will be rigidly taught; and they will be expected to write with both hands at once on two different subjects—finger-nails must be allowed to grow long and be whittled down for pens.

Poetry will also be taught by a professor with long hair and weak eyes, as the stock of genuine young American poets is running out, and editors of newspapers can apply to public institutions for as much, or more, poetry as they may need. Young men who already know too much will be taught more.

In astronomy every student is expected to become a star. These studies will be pursued in daytime, when, as everybody knows, there is more light. The name shall be pasted upon each particular star, so the student can be able to distinguish them at sight without the aid of a kaleidoscope.

Painting will be taught. Pupils will be taught to paint sidewalks and fences after the old masters; and house and sign painting will be special features of this study, in which pupils will excel the royal artists; also white-washing in its highest branches.

Special attention paid to fitting young men out for millionaires or thousand aires.

The musical department of metre-ology will be presided over by eminent professors.

The true science of taut-ology will be taught, also the pleasing science of shoe-making, including extra studies in the sole-af system.

Everything else in proportion.

A diploma from this university will entitle a young man to all the privileges it will bring.

No young man will be admitted over seven years, or under twenty-five.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE, Founder.

A Beautiful Love and Society Story,

FROM THE NOTED

MRS. E. F. ELLET,

Author of "Alida Barrett," "The Beautiful Forger," "Madeline's Marriage," etc., is in hand for early use—the opening chapters being given in No. 281. It is a story of a young orphan girl who, possessing a fine voice, and inspired with a passion for a stage fame, pursues the hazardous path of "the boards." A firm nature and a strong will makes her persist where others would have failed, and in the

YOUNG DEBUTANTE'S CAREER

we are presented with a picture of a stage-life which is literally vivid with interest and charged with warning and instruction.

This career, however, is but one element of the work. We have, as co-equal actors, two society belles, who are types of women—one a systematic coquette and flirt, and another, her intimate friend, but very opposite in act and character. In these girls and their

MOST EVENTFUL LOVE HISTORY

the author introduces us to an inside view of society and woman's ways which is not often vouchsafed even to close observers.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosures, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full or page number.—A rejection, or no notice implies a want of merit. Most MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We cannot make use of "Veni, Vidi, Vici," Song, "When I Behold," etc., "Hidden Away," "Reminiscences of Southern California," "The Fourth of July Oration," "An Adventure and How it Ended," "Story of an Abbot," "Athlete's Experience," "Joe Green's Reward," etc.

We use "Was It a Curse?" "A Hoart Unvalued," "A Summer's Episode," "A Homeopathic Story," "A Summer's Reward," "An Omen," "To-morrow."

E. J. W. Send your story to some boys' paper. W. S. W. Poem good enough for use, but we can not find room for it.

C. N. Z. Raise your own earnings from seed. Sow seed now for next year's flowering.

J. H. The term "gilt-edged," as used in money circles, means names or notes that are of the very best grade.

HENNESSY & Co. We have no personal knowledge of the receipt referred to, but are informed that by heading any pure liquor you benefit its quality. It gives it flavor and age.

CHARLES G. Write to J. B. Ford & Co., New York, for Mrs. Stowe's book on Florida, which will, we presume, give you the information sought for. Land is very cheap there, but, for all that, may be very undesirable.

GUSSE NARON. Mrs. Rousby, the English actress, has not been a great success in this country. She is a lady of great beauty, but of no remarkable talent for the stage. Her husband, Mr. Rousby, is Elizabeth, in Tom Taylor's "Twixt Ax and Crown." She is rather under size, in form, and weighs about 125 pounds.

ISVALD. Sunlight is most important to health, for the sun's rays are a great curative, especially in cases of diseases of the lungs, while it is universally known that the sunny side of a street is more healthy than the shady side.

A. P. WALLACE. It is not a fact that excessive mental labor gravitates toward insanity, though it wears upon the physical faculties, and certainly sows the seeds of numerous diseases; but, on the contrary, those of ordinary mental caliber and sluggish brains, often are visited by symptoms of insanity in the very vigor of life.

SUFFERER. Indigestion is almost a universal malady nowadays, and can only be cured by refraining from indulging the appetite to repletion with food too highly seasoned, and not nutritious; eat vegetables well cooked, and meats, such as roast beef, steaks, mutton, etc., in moderation, and a rest of half an hour after eating ere you begin work, and take plenty of outdoor exercise.

MADON. Who wears mourning, writes that whenever she gets caught in a sprinkle, he cures her crape veil and trimming are spotted white. To obliterate the stain we would suggest to Madge that she spread the crape upon a lapboard or table, keeping it drawn tightly across the surface, and then slip a piece of old black silk under the stain, and with a camel-hair brush, dipped in black ink, she can paint over the stain, and it will disappear with a piece of old black flannel, and let it dry.

PANTRY-MAID. Rub your cutlery with kerosene oil, and it will remove all rust stains thoroughly.

OSCAR VANCE. No, Michael Angelo never married, neither did numerous other great men, among whom may be mentioned Locke, Leibnitz, Newton, Hume, Gibbon, Adam Smith. Many of the wives of authors and poets have exerted a great influence over the works of their husbands, either good or bad, and numbers of literary men have made most ill-assorted marriages.

MRS. COOK. The dish you speak of can be prepared as follows: Slice ripe tomatoes thin, dip them in flour, with sprinkling of pepper and salt, and put them in a frying-pan with boiling lard, and fry them brown; add a little butter and serve hot.

N. A. N. No bird can soar as high as the condor, which has been known to reach a height of 22,000 feet.

EDDY, THE PLANTER. The "Verbena Montana" of the seedsmen, called as a perennial verbena, a very good humbug as far as the sounding "Montana" is concerned. It is a common wood flower or weed in southern New Jersey. The geraniums are great on spots of soil, raised from the seed of our neighbors has twenty-five varieties, or different shades of flowers, all from seedling plants from common varieties. The double geranium was a sport; it came in France in 1861. From it several of the double-flowered geraniums sprung. Many of our very best kinds of peas are sports. This is nature's mode of progress.

C. B. C. A pair of dumb-bells of weight proportioned to your strength are very admirable for office exercise. Use twice or thrice a day for ten minutes at a time. After three months' use change off for the Indian club. This (temperance) muscular action than the bells. A springy board, horizontal bar, rings in ropes, ladders, etc., are not feasible for home use. A good gymnastic apparatus, to prevent injury from falling. Several books on gymnastic exercises are available. Write to American News Co. for list of prices. Thank you for your good words about the JOURNAL.

JOHN WESLEY, JR. The hymn, "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," is older than Methodism. It was written by John Wesley, and first published in 1739 in the year 1739. The hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," is of early Methodist times. It was written by Rev. Edward Perronet, who died 1791.

MISS W. D. H. Drink milk. It is nature's universal diet. The idea that milk is "feverish" has exploded, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing down the fever of patients, and in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a mistake to scrimp the milk-pitcher. Take more milk, and buy less meat.

GEROME PARK HANFITE. We answered your query partly last week. The best London time you made is 2:27½, by Jesse Wales and Darkness. The best running time, mile heats—1:43, 1:43½, 1:43½, 1:45; first heat, 1:43½; second heat, 1:43½; third heat, 1:43½. The best 2 mile heats, True Blue, 3:32½; 3 miles, Norfolk, 5:27½; 4 miles, Fellowcraft, 7:19½; 5 miles, Kate Pease, 4:23½; ½ miles, Reform, 3:55½.

MISS NATTY G. Strong alum-water is a capital insect destroyer, and especially for bedbugs. Take two pounds of pulverized or of crystal alum, and dissolve in three quarts of boiling water, allowing it to remain over the fire until thoroughly dissolved. Apply while hot, with a brush, or what is better, use a syringe to force the liquid into the cracks of the walls or bedstead.

JOSEPH CHITTY. Be careful not to fog or in any way punish a young horse. It will ruin him. If he balks, a simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your future drive.

MERCER. In China the natives attribute to devils whatever good or evil may come to them; also the cure of diseases is a mere matter of superstition with them.

D. G. Mix two large spoonfuls of salt, two of saltpetre, and two of pulverized white sugar into twelve pounds of butter; put the butter in a large stone jar, and fill the jar up with salt, and it will keep sweet for months.

INVESTIGATOR. We have never fully investigated the subject of your inquiry, but can state that at least fifty tons of books, newspapers and pamphlets are daily sent through the New York city mails.

DR. D. One would imagine you would find more practice abroad than here, for there is one physician in America to every eight hundred inhabitants, while in France there is for one to every twenty-four hundred inhabitants.

CUSTOM-H

HER DREAM.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

The wife of the sailor lay dreaming a dream
Of the loved one far out at sea.
While e'en as she slept the pale moon's beam
Gave a look to her face that would almost seem
As the face of the dead would be.

In her visions the husband had reached the shore,
Where his vessel at anchor lay.
And silent he stood in the cottage door
Where he said "Good-by" but a month before,
Ere he sailed down the white-capped bay.

And the dreamer thought that the lips were cold
Which her kisses fell upon.
And he seemed not the same as in days of old,
But whispered, as gently he loosed her hold:
"Farewell," and then he was gone.

And now as she sleeps, o'er the ocean gray
Comes the west wind's wintry roar.
While the waves that whiten the storm-tossed bay
Are broken and scattered in driving spray,
As they beat on the shingly shore.

But after the terrible west wind's wail
To a sullen moan had died,
Through broken clouds shone the moonbeams pale
On a drifting spar and a riven sail,
And a floating corpse beside.

Victoria:

OR,

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL
MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROSE OF SUSSEX.

WHILE Barbara hoped and Barbara feared, Leicester Cliffe was whirling away as fast as the steam-eagle could carry him toward London and his promised bride. And the same white crescent moon that saw her standing at the trying-place, came peering through the closed shutters of a West-End hotel, and saw that young gentleman standing before a swing-glass, making a most elaborate and faultless toilet. A magnificent watch, set with brilliant, that lay on the dressing-table before him, was pointing its golden hands to the hour of eleven, when there came a rap at the door, and, opening it, Mr. Cliffe was confronted by a tall waiter, with a card in his hand.

"Show the gentleman up," said Leicester, glancing at it, and going on with his toilet. And two minutes after, a quick, impetuous, noisy step was taking the stairs five at a time, and Tom Shirley, flushed, excited and breathless, as usual, stood before him.

"My dear fellow, how goes it?" was his cry, seizing his cousin's hand with a grip that made him wince. "I should have been here ages ago, only I never received your note until within the last ten minutes! I was at the opera, and had just come to my lodgings to spread myself out in gorgeous array for the ball, when I found your letter, and came steaming up here without a second's loss of time. When did you come? And are you going to make one in my lady's crush to-night?"

"Sit down!" was Leicester's nonchalant reply to this breathless outburst. "I had given you up in despair, and was about starting on my own responsibility. What brought you to the opera, to-night?"

"Oh, this is the last night of the brightest star of the season; and besides, we are time enough for the ball. How long before you have finished making yourself resplendent?"

"I have finished now. Come!" Tom, who had just seated himself, jumped up, and led the way down-stairs, five at a time, as before, and, on reaching the pavement, drew out a cigar-case, offered it to his companion, lit one, and then, taking the other's arm, marched him off briskly.

"We won't call a cab—they're nothing but bores; and it's not ten minutes' walk to Shirley House. How did you leave all the good people in Cliftonlea—Sir Roland among the rest?"

"Sir Roland has had the gout; otherwise I believe he's had nothing to complain of."

"Well, that's a good old family disorder we must all come to in the fullness of time. Was it to-day you arrived?"

"Yes. Lady Agnes was good enough to send me a pressing invite to this grand ball of hers, and, of course there was nothing for it but obedience."

"You must have found life in Cliftonlea awfully slow for the last two weeks," said Tom, with an energetic puff at his cigar.

"What did you do with yourself all the time?"

Leicester laughed.

"So many things that it would puzzle me to recount them. Shooting, fishing, riding, boating—"

"With a little courting in between whiles!" interrupted Tom, with gravity. "How did you leave little Barbara?"

Leicester Cliffe took his cigar from his lips, and knocked the white end off carefully with his finger.

"Ashes to ashes, eh? I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you? Oh, you are an artless youth! Perhaps you think I don't know how steep you have been coming it with our pretty May Queen; but don't trouble yourself to invent any little fictions about it, for I know the whole thing from beginning to end!"

"What do you know?"

"That you have been fooling that little girl, and I won't have it! Oh, you needn't fire up. Barbara is a great friend of mine, and you will just have the goodness to let her alone!"

"Fshaw! what nonsense is all this?"

"Is it nonsense?"

"Yes. Who has been talking to you?"

"One who is too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Fred Douglas, of the Dragoons—he came up here to London a week ago."

"I'll put a stray bullet through Fred Douglas' head, and teach him to hold his tongue, and yours, too, my good cousin, if you take it upon yourself to lecture me. How are all the Shirleys?"

"Tolerable. Lady Agnes is up to her eyes in the business of balls and receptions, and concerts, and matinees. The colonel has been voted unanimously by all the young ladies of Belgrave Square a love of a man, and Vic is all the rage, and has turned more heads and declined more offers this winter than you or I could count in a week. The Rose of Sussex is the toast of the town!"

"Indeed! And at the head of her list of her killed an wounded stands the name of Tom Shirley?"

Tom winced perceptibly.

"Precisely! And I'll wager my diamond ring that yours is there, too, before the end of a week."

"Is she so pretty, then?"

"Pretty! That's a nice word to apply to the belle of London. Here we are, and you will soon see for yourself."

A long file of carriages was drawn up before

the door of Shirley House, and a crowd of servants in livery were flitting busily hither and thither. Some of the guests were just passing in to the great lighted hall, but, instead of following their example, Tom drew his companion toward a deserted side-door.

"We won't go in there and have our names bawled by the flunkies, and be stared at as we enter by a hundred pairs of eyes. I know all the ins and outs of this place, and there's a private way that will bring us to the ball-room, where you can have a good look at the Rose of Sussex before you are presented to her in form."

He rung, as he spoke, the bell of the side-door, and on its being opened by a liveried slave, he led the way through the marble hall up a wide and balustraded staircase, through several empty rooms and passages, all sumptuously fitted up, and echoing with the sounds of distant music and merry-making, and finally into a great conservatory, with the moonlight streaming through two large arched windows, which opened into a forsaken music-room, which opened into the crowded ball-room. There was no door between the music and ball-room; but instead a wide arch hung with curtains of green and silver, and under their friendly shade the two newcomers could sit unobserved, and look on the scene before them to their heart's content.

The great ball-room was filled, but not to repletion. Lady Agnes had too much taste and sense to suffocate her guests; and every moment the distinguished names of fresh arrivals came from the lips of the tall gentlemen in livery at the door. The musicians, sitting perched in a gilded gallery, were blowing away on their brass instruments, and filling the air with German dance-music; two or three sets of quadrilles were in full swing at the upper end of the room, while the wall-flowers and the elderly, who did not fancy cards, were enjoying themselves after their own fashion at the lower end. The glare of the myriad cluster of gas-jets fell on the splendid throng, where satins and velvets rustled, and point lace—the twenty years' labor of some Brussels lace-maker—draped snowy elbows and arms, where jewels flashed their rainbow fires, where fans waved and plumes fluttered, and perfumes scented the air; where each pretty and high-titled lady seemed to vie and eclipse the other in splendor. And near the center of the room, superb in family diamonds and black velvet, stood Lady Agnes by the side of a starred and ribbed foreigner, receiving her guests like a queen. Lady Agnes always wore black—the malicious ones said, because it suited her style, and made her look youthful; but whether from that cause or not, she certainly did look youthful, and handsome, too, albeit her marriageable granddaughter was the belle of the ball. Pale and proud, she stood toying with her fan, her rich black dress sweeping the chalked floor, her diamonds blazing, and her haughty head erect, while the distinguished foreigner bent over her, listening with profound respect to her lightest word. Tom touched Leicester on the shoulder, and nodded toward her.

"That's my lady, standing there with the air of a dowager-duchess, and talking to the Due de — as if she thought him honored by the condescension."

"Lady Agnes is handsome," said Leicester, glancing toward her, "and looks as if the pride of all the Cliffes were concentrated in herself. I remember her perfectly, though I have not seen her since I was a boy; but where is your Rose of Sussex?"

"Behold her!" said Tom, tragically. "There she comes, on the arm of Lord Henry Lisle. Look!"

Leicester looked. Moving slowly down the room, at the head of the dancers, came one whom he could almost have known, without being told, to be the Rose of Sussex. A youthful angel, girlish and slender, stately, but not tall, with a profusion of golden curls falling over the shoulders to the taper waist, beautiful eyes of bright, violet blue, and a bright, radiant look within them, like that of a happy child. Her dress was of pale blue glace silk, under flounces of Honiton lace, looped up with bouquets of roses and jasmine, a large cluster of the same flowers clasping the perfect corsage, and pale pearls on the exquisite neck and arms. Her dress was simple, one of the simplest, perhaps, in the whole room; but as the artist looked at her, he thought of the young May moon in its silver sheen, of a clear, white star in the blue summer sky, of a spotless lily, lifting its lovely head in a silent mountain-tarn. It was hardly a beautiful face—there was a score handsomer in the room, but there certainly was not another half so lovely. A vision rose before him as he looked, of the smiling faces of Madonnas and angels as he had seen them pictured in grand old cathedrals; and before the sinless soul looking out of those clear eyes, he quailed inwardly, feeling as though he were unworthy to touch the hem of her robe.

"Well," said Tom, looking at him curiously, "there is the Rose of Sussex, and what do you think of her?"

"It is a syph; it is a snow-spirit; it is a fairy by moonlight! That is the ideal face I've been trying all my life to paint, and failed, because I never could find a model!"

"Bah! I would rather have one woman of flesh and blood than a thousand on canvas! Come, we have stood here long enough, and it is time we were paying our respects to Lady Agnes."

"With all my heart!" said Leicester, and making their way through the throng, both stood the next moment before the stately lady of the mansion.

"Aunt," said Tom, describing a graceful circle with his hand, as he bowed before that lady, "I come late, but I bring my apology. Allow me to present your nephew, Mr. Leicester Shirley Cliffe."

Lady Agnes turned with a bright, sudden smile, and held out her jeweled hand.

"Is it possible! My dear Leicester. I am enchanted to see you. How well you are looking! and how tall you have grown! Can this really be the little boy, with the long curls, who used to run wild, long ago, at Castle Cliffe?"

Leicester laughed.

"The same, madam, though the long curls are gone, and the little boy stands before you six feet high."

"I am quite despaired of your coming. And you have actually been in England a fortnight, and never came to see us! I am, positively, ashamed of you. Have you seen the colonel?"

"No; we have just arrived."

"How was it you were not announced?"

"Oh, I brought him round by a side-door; we were late, and our modesty would not permit us to become the cynosure of all eyes. There comes the colonel and Vic, now."

Colonel Shirley, looking quite as young and handsome as on the day of the Cliftonlea races, six years before, was advancing with the belle of the room, and my lady tapped him lightly with her fan on the arm.

"Lovely thing, is it not?" she asked, looking up at last.

"Yes," said Leicester, thinking of herself, and feeling at that moment there was no other "Maude" for him in the world but her.

"We had better go back to the ball-room, I think, Mr. Cliffe. If I am not greatly mistaken our quadrille is commencing."

"How formally you call me Mr. Cliffe; and yet we are cousins."

"Oh, that is only a polite fiction! You are no more my cousin than you are my brother."

"Yet, I think, you might drop the Mister. Leicester is an easy name to say."

"Is it?"

"Try it, and see."

"If it ever comes natural, perhaps I may," said the young lady, with composure; "but certainly not now. There, it is the quadrille, and I know we will be late."

"Cliffe! Do you know who this is?"

"Leicester Cliffe, by Jove!" cried the colonel, in delighted recognition. "My dear boy, is it possible I see you again after all those years, and grown out of all knowledge? Where in the world have you dropped from?"

"From Cliftonlea, the last place. I have found out, after all my wandering, that there is no place like home."

"Right, my boy. Vic, this is your cousin, Leicester Cliffe."

The long-lashes drooped, and the young lady courted profoundly.

"You remember him, Vic, don't you?" said Tom; "or at least you remember the picture in Cliffe-down you used to go into such raptures about long ago. Did you think I was not coming to-night, Vic?"

"I never thought of you at all!" said the young lady, with the prettiest flush and pout imaginable.

"I know better than that. There goes the next quadrille. May I have the honor, Vic?"

"No. I am engaged."

"The next, then?"

"Engaged?"

"And the next?"

Miss Vic laughed, and consulted her tablets.

"Very well, sir, that is the last before supper, and perhaps you may have the honor also of taking me down."

"And after supper, cousin mine!" said Leicester, as her partner for the set then forming came to lead her away. "May I not hope to be equally honored?"

"Oh, the first after supper," with another slight laugh and blush, "is a waltz, monsieur, and I never waltz."

"For the first quadrille, then?"

The young lady bowed assent and walked away, just as the colonel, who had been absent for a moment, came up with another lady on his arm—a plain, dark girl, not at all pretty, very quietly dressed, and without jewels.

"You haven't forgotten this young lady, I hope, Leicester. Don't you remember your former playmate, little Maggie Shirley?"

"Certainly. Why, Maggie!" he cried, his eyes lighting up with real pleasure, and catching the hand she held out to him in both.

"I am glad to see you again, Leicester," said Maggie, a faint color coming for a moment to her dark cheek, and then fading away. "I thought you were never going to come back to old England again."

"Ah! I was not quite so far gone as that. Are you engaged?"

"No."

"Come, then. I have a thousand things to say to you, and we can talk and dance together."

They took their places in one of the quadrilles, Leicester taking all the time.

Margaret Shirley had been his playmate in childhood, his friend and favorite always, and they had corresponded in all his wanderings over the world; but somehow in this, their first meeting, they did not get on so very well after all. Margaret was naturally taciturn as an Indian, and the habit seemed to have grown with her growth, and to all his questions she would return none but the briefest and quietest answers.

"Oh, confound your monosyllables!" muttered Leicester, as he led her down to supper, and watched Tom and Vic chatting and laughing away opposite as if there were nobody in the world but themselves. What a lovely face she had! and how all the gentlemen in the room seemed to flock round her like flies round a drop of honey! Leicester was too much of an artist not to have a perfect passion for beauty in whatever shape it came; and though he could admire a diamond in the rough, he certainly would have admired the same diamond far more in splendid setting. He might love Barbara with his heart; but he loved Vic already with his eyes. Barbara was the dark daughter of the earth; this fairy sprite seemed a vision from a better land. He was not worthy of her, he felt that; but yet what an *ecart* there would be in his carrying off this reigning belle; and with the wily tempter whispering a thousand such thoughts in his ear, he went back to the ball-room, and claiming her promise, led her away from Tom, to improve her acquaintance before the quadrille commenced. The ball-room was by this time oppressively hot, so they strayed into the music-room; there a lady sat singing with a group around her, and from thence on to the cool conservatory, where the moonlight shone in through the arched windows; the words of the song—Tennyson's "Maude"—came floating on the perfume of the flowers.

"Come into the garden, Maude,
For the black-bat night has flown,
Come into the garden, Maude,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

"For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
In a bed of forgetful sky;
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

"All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white-lake blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise true.

"The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

"Queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dancers are gone,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Shine out, little head running over with curls,
To the flowers and be their sun."

Side by side they stood together in the moonlight, she in a cloud of white lace and lustrous pearls, the little head "running over with curls," and the fair face looking dreamy and sad as she listened—he leaning against the window, and watching her with his heart in his eyes. They had been talking at first of the ball, of Castle Cliffe, of his wanderings; but they had fallen into silence to listen to the song.

"Lovely thing, is it not?" she asked, looking up at last.

"Yes," said Leicester, thinking of herself, and feeling at that moment there was no other "Maude" for him in the world but her.

"We had better go back to the ball-room, I think, Mr. Cliffe. If I am not greatly mistaken our quadrille is commencing."

"How formally you call me Mr. Cliffe; and yet we are cousins."

"Oh, that is only a polite fiction! You are no more my cousin than you are my brother."

"Yet, I think, you might drop the Mister. Leicester is an easy name to say."

"Is it?"

"Try it, and see."

"If it ever comes natural, perhaps I may," said the young lady, with composure; "but certainly not now. There, it is the quadrille, and I know we will be late."

But they were not late, and came in time to lead off the set with spirit. Somewhere, ugly old Time was mowing down his tens of thousands, but it certainly was not in Shirley House, where the gas-lit moments flew by all too quickly, tinged with *couleur de rose*, until the dim dawn began to steal in, and carriages were called for, and the most successful ball of the season came to an end.

Back in his own room, Leicester Cliffe was feverishly pacing up and down, with a war going on in his own heart. A vision rose before him of pearls and floating lace, golden curls, blue eyes, and the face of a smiling angel—a reigning belle, and one of the richest heiresses in England—all to be his for the asking; but with it there came another vision—the Nun's Grave under the gloomy yews; the dark, wild gipsy standing beside him, while he carved her name and his together on the old tree; his own words, "When I prove false to you, I pray God that I may die;" and the dreadful fire that had filled her eyes; and the dreadful "Amen" she had hissed through her closed teeth. The skein had run fair hitherto, but the tangle was coming now; and, quite unable to see how he was to unwind it, he lay down on his bed at last. But Leicester Cliffe did not sleep much that night.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

Overland Kit:

OR,

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEHIND THE BOWLDER.

The first gray light of early morning shone down on canyon, plain and river. The somber pines nodded gently in the mountain breeze.

A little party of four rode along by the side of the Reese, heading northward. The four were, Billy Brown, the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, Patsey Doolin, and two bearded miners, known respectively as Dave Reed and Missouri Johnny.

The party were returning from Spur City, having taken part in the trial, and now were on their way to Gopher Gulley.

They were riding along quite slowly, for, to tell the truth, their seats in the saddles were rather uncomfortable; they had been up all night long celebrating Injun Dick's acquittal, and the power of the Spur City whisky was potent in the extreme.

The cool mountain breeze was very welcome indeed to their fevered foreheads as they rode onward.

The conversation between the four turned naturally on the trial at which they had just assisted.

"I reckon the Judge must be a little cracked, for to think, even for a minute, that Dick Talbot was Overland Kit," Brown said, reflectively.

"Shure 'twas all the fault of that black-lookin' devil that swore agin him," replied Doolin, referring to Joe Rain.

"Yes, an' a nice-lookin' cuss he was for to get up an' swear agin such a man as Talbot!" cried Dave Reed, in contempt.

"I wonder what became of him after the trial? He got out of the way, lively, I reckon," Missouri Johnny observed.

"Best thing for him to do," Brown replied. "Ef Talbot went for him, he'd come out wuss nor a antelope with a lot of Digger Injuns. Why, Dick wouldn't leave hide nor ha'r on him, the pisoned serpent."

"After the trial, he thought it time he wasn't there, begorra!" Paddy exclaimed, with a grin.

"He lit out right smart, I reckon," Reed said. "I had 'bout made up my mind to 'climb' him myself, jist to show my respect to my old pard, Dick; but, when I went to look for him, he had 'levanted.'"

"Vamooseed the ranche, eh?" Brown observed, with a laugh.

"Absquatulated, by thunder!" Reed replied.

"Why, any fool might have knowed that Dick couldn't be Overland Kit; it's a clean impossibility. But the Judge got the idea into his head, an' you couldn't move him a mile. He's jist like one of these hyer rocks; when he gets set, he's sot fur good, an' it would take an airtquake fur to move him."

"That's so," chimed in Missouri Johnny; "but the Judge is a squar' man, every time."

"Well, who's sayin' any thing agin it?" demanded Reed. "I didn't say that he wasn't squar'; I only said as how he got sot, an' staid sot, too."

"How that old, fat cuss fixed things round!" suddenly exclaimed Brown, in evident admiration.

"I reckon, now, he knows law for all it's worth. The old cuss didn't look like 'pay-dirt,' but he 'panned out' fast-rate. Why, he jist twisted them 'ar witnesses round like a nice. He proved jist as clear an *alibi* as I ever seed an' with the very identical witnesses that were brought forward to convict the prisoner! He didn't bring any witness on Dick's side, an' I come down from the Gulley on purpose to testify."

"What did they want you for?" Reed asked.

"To prove the time that Dick came into my place last night, you know."

"How could you swear 'bout the time?"

"Jist as easy as ef it had all been fixed aforehand," Brown replied. "You see, when Dick came into my place, Dandy Jim axed him for to have a game of poker, an' he said that he couldn't stay long, 'cos he wanted to be back in Spur City by ten; so he jist looked at his watch, an' it we're jist eight o'clock. So you see, I were all primed to swar that Dick came into my shebang at eight o'clock."

"It was durned queer that Overland Kit should risk a ride right through the town, jist as another man was tried for being him, wa'n't it?" Reed said thoughtfully.

"Well, now, boys, it fess jist hyer," Brown replied, mysteriously. "It's jist as plain to me as the nose on your face, Missouri—an' anybody knows that's big an' plain 'nough—that Dick knows who this road-agent is, but he's too squar' a man fur to blow on him; so, when he got into this little difficulty, he got some friend fur to carry the news of the scrape that he was in to Kit; an' the only way that Kit knew fur to git Dick out of the corral, was to ride through the town. In course, any fool could see then that Dick Talbot couldn't be Overland Kit."

"That's so!" exclaimed Reed.

"Bogorra! that reminds me of a fourth cousin of mine, one Teddy Flynn; he said he'd never be married 'till he was a widower, an' he never was, d'ye mind?" cried Patsey.

"Well, anybody would know you was a Paddy-whack!" said Brown, dryly.

"An' who the devil said I wasn't?" demanded

ed Patsey, indignantly. "Shure, I'm proud of the oild sod; it wasn't my fault, anyway; they niver axed me where I'd be born, bad cess to 'em!"

"Say, sweet William, who do you think this Overland Kit is?" asked Missouri Johnny, abruptly.

"Well, now you have got me where my ha'r is short," replied Brown. "I kinder reckon, though, that he's some gay Washington galoot who hangs out in Austen. I've heerd say that the biggest thieves in the country kinder center thar, an' I reckon he's one of the crowd."

"What makes you think so?" Reed asked.

"Cos he knows all about the coaches that carry the valuable express matter, and knows, too, when the blue-coats are after him. Ef he wa'n't mixed up with the head roosters at Austen, how could he tell that, I'd like to know?"

"Kinder posted, ain't you, Brown?" Reed said.

"Oh, no!

"Are you drunk, too?" cried the Judge, in anger, rising up in his bed.

"Come out an' see," replied Bill, giving the door a tremendous kick. "It's no use, Judge; you've got to come; nary a wink more sleep will you get this night, an' it's mighty high mornin' now, anyway. So jist 'lite' an' 'see' me!"

Grumbling with anger, the Judge got out of his bunk, and, lighting a candle, unfastened the door.

Bill walked in. The Judge was in his underclothes, just as he had got up, with a blanket wrapped around him.

"Now, then, what the devil do you want, disturbing me at this hour of the night?" the Judge asked, an angry look upon his stern face.

"That's been blazes to pay up in the Eldorado—"

"Ah, some of Injun Dick's work?" asked the Judge, interrupting the speech of the driver.

"Well, I reckon you'd better not bet on that, 'cos he ain't mixed up in the leetle affair at all."

"What has happened?"

"A fellow murdered right in his bed—struck jist like a pig."

"Who?"

"Young Gay, the miner, from up in the Gully, who's been on a 'tare' round hyer for about three days."

"Gay?" said the Judge, thoughtfully.

"Yes, Gay Tenpenny, or something of that sort; durned if I know exactly. He's jist been gone for 'er he won't ante up any time more, you bet!"

"Is he dead?"

"Well, I reckon he is; he's got as many digs as if he'd been huggin' a grizzly bar."

"When did this happen?" asked the Judge, beginning to dress himself.

"He was went for 'bout an hour ago. I know jist 'bout the time, cos he an' me were a-histin' down in the saloon all the evenin'."

That poor cuss could drink more tangle-foot than any other man of his weight in the diggin'."

"Was he intoxicated when he went to bed?" asked the Judge, pulling his shirt over his head.

"I reckon he was; took me all I knew how fur to carry him up-stairs. I corraled him in bed, an' left a candle burning; then I went down-stairs agin; an' 'bout an hour after, I came up an' jist thought I'd take a look an' see how the galoot was, an' we found him kivered with blood. I r'ally weakened, Judge; poor little cuss, he must have thrown up his hand mighty sudden."

"You say 'we'; was there anybody else with you when you discovered the murdered man?" the Judge asked, finishing his hasty toilette by pulling on his boots.

"Yes, Jim Renmet."

"Did you discover any trace of the murderer?" and as the Judge put the question, he buckled a navy revolver to his side.

"We discovered the we'pon that did fur him."

"Ah!" and Jones looked earnestly into Bill's face. He foresaw that the discovery of the murderer's weapon might prove a clue to the doer of the deed.

"After we found the body we went to call Miss Jennie, jist fur to tell her all 'bout it. Jim knocked on the door, an' 'er was unlatched an' flew open, an' 'er stood Jennie, with the bloody bowie in her hand, an' the blood from it had daubed all over the front of her dress."

Jones started, and a strange expression swept over his face. Bill noticed it and wondered at the look.

"Then Jim Renmet told me to run for you as fast as I could go, an' now you know jist as much about it as I do."

"How did the girl appear when you discovered her with the bloody knife in her hand?" the Judge asked, fixing his keen eyes intently on the face of the driver.

"Skeered to death, you bet! I reckon her face was whiter nor a billed rag. Never see'd her skeered afore, either; she's jist as full of pluck as a wild-cat; she ain't one of the squalling kind of females."

"I'm afraid that she will need all her courage," the Judge said, dryly, as he passed out into the air, Bill following, wondering in his mind what the Judge meant by this last remark.

Jones locked the door of the express office carefully behind him, and then started up the street toward the Eldorado. Bill came close behind him.

The mind of the driver was in a fog. A certain indefinite suspicion passed through his brain; he could attach but one meaning to the words of the Judge, and that put a human life in peril.

"It can't be," he muttered. "I wouldn't believe it ef I see'd it; I'd swar my eyes lied."

When the two arrived at the Eldorado they proceeded up-stairs at once. The saloon had been closed up, but the side door was open, and a single light was burning on the counter.

As they passed by the bar, Bill noticed that the Chinese, Ah Ling, was asleep in his little bunk under the counter.

In the entry they found James Renmet. He had brought the lighted candle out of the room where the murder had been committed and placed it on the floor of the entry.

"I've told the Judge all 'bout it," Bill said unconsciously lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

"Have you given the alarm?" Jones asked, in a low and guarded tone.

"No," Renmet replied; "I thought that I had better see you first."

"It is as well," the Judge said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"This is a terrible affair. Poor fellow!" observed Renmet; "I didn't think that he had an enemy in the world."

"It is hard to tell, sometimes," Jones replied. "Have you formed any idea in regard to who committed the crime?"

"Yes," Renmet said, slowly.

"You have?" asked the Judge, quickly, while Bill looked on in wonder.

"Yes; has Bill told you about our discovering the girl with the bloody knife in her hand?"

"Yes," the Judge said, slowly.

"This man was never killed without an object," Renmet said, slowly.

"For his money, perhaps," observed the Judge, with a covert glance into the face of the other.

"He had none."

"But, I have been informed that he has been on a spree for some little time, and has been spending money very freely," the Judge said.

"Exactly; but where that money came from, no one knew except the man whose body now lies cold in yonder room and the party who gave it to him."

The Judge stroked his chin for a few minutes in silence, his gaze bent upon the floor. Suddenly he spoke.

"Mr. Renmet you have a suspicion as to who committed this deed of blood?"

"Yes."

"And the person?"

"The same one who gave Tendall his money. He was paid to keep his mouth shut. He owned as much to me when under the influence of liquor. This murder was committed to keep him silent. Whoever had reason to fear Tendall living, struck the blows which have insured his silence. If we find the person who paid Tendall, we shall find his murderer."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

RED ROB.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RED ROB UNDER TRIAL.

Owing to circumstances—that of high waters—over which they had no control, Dakota Dan and Asa Sheridan did not reach the camp until the next day about one o'clock.

They found the trial of Red Rob going on when they arrived, and so great was the excitement, and so deep the interest manifested by all parties, that Sheridan had no opportunity of making known the object that laid nearest to his own heart; but was compelled to await the termination of the proceedings.

During the day a party of soldiers and several Mexican ranchmen, who had suffered losses at the hands of Red Rob, came in from the east, and joined Captain Rushton, who had been expecting them a day or two. This party had come directly from Conejos, from whence they had followed Red Rob's band, word having been previously sent to the nearest military post that the young outlaw and his gang were in the vicinity of Conejos. When it was found, however, that the robbers were headed for across the mountains, a messenger was dispatched to Fort Wingate for assistance, or rather, for the military there to endeavor to head the robbers off, as it was generally believed that they were moving toward Arizona.

At the very time that the messenger reached Wingate, a party of excursionists—all gentlemen—from Santa Fe, reached there also on their way to the San Juan valley. Among them were Judge Obed Thompson and several officers of the civil government of the Territory, besides several professional gentlemen all of whom were spending their summer vacation in a trip to northern New Mexico. But the news of the outlaws' movement checked their gushing spirits of romantic adventure; and all would have returned home, had it not been that the commandant of Fort Wingate decided to send a party of cavalry, under Captain Rushton, up to the San Juan to look out for Red Rob and his gang. The excursionists all resolved to go on with the soldiers, and did so.

As fate would have it, Captain Rushton's party was destined to capture Red Rob and his band; while Judge Thompson was also destined to "sit in judgment on the young outlaw."

The judge was one of those remarkable Western men, more noted for his eccentricities than legal lore. He had an abundance of self-esteem and dogged perseverance, which, in a measure accounted for his holding the high position that he did; though some attributed all to political favoritism. But, be that as it may, Judge Thompson claimed the right to convene court at any time in criminal matters, and at any place. He was a strong adherent, or at least had been, to the laws of Judge Lynch, having had considerable experience at one time and another, in Texas and Arkansas.

The judge had convened a special court for the trial of Red Rob. He was not very particular about those many little technicalities and points of order so closely observed by most judicials. Nor was he at all particular about his own choice of sentences, often using those more forcible than elegant. In short, Judge Obed Thompson was a representative Western man.

In the absence of regular officers, the judge supplied their places by appointment. A sheriff and prosecuting attorney were selected from among his Santa Fe friends. He then issued a *venire facias* for a jury of twelve men.

This jury was composed of seven soldiers, three of the excursionists and two of the settlers. The former were really exempt from such duty in civil courts, but upon this occasion, wherein they anticipated an interesting time, they consented to serve.

The jury being impaneled, the judge announced all ready for the trial to begin.

No stately edifice inclosed the band of courtiers; no princely court-room was destined to ring with the legal eloquence of that dashing young disciple of Blackstone who had been appointed as prosecuting attorney. A clump of pines was selected as the most favorable place for the "court to sit." The jury occupied a fallen log, while the judge was indulged in the luxury of a chair, and a table for a desk, furnished by the settlers of Hidden Home.

Red Rob occupied a seat in front of the judge, and when he was called upon to speak, he rose promptly and spoke in a clear, unforced tone, while his handsome face glowed with a half-mischiefous smile.

The "prosecuting attorney" was a young man who embraced this opportunity to display his legal knowledge, as it was, in fact, the very first case in which he had been called upon to render assistance alone, and earn a fee that was not to be divided with a senior partner.

"Red Rob," said the judge, when general order had been restored, "what is your right name?"

"Robert B. Conrad," replied the youth, that mysterious smile playing about his lips.

"Well, Robert B. Conrad, are you ready for trial?" questioned the judge, producing a large meerschaum pipe and silver tobacco-box.

"What difference would it make if I were not?" replied the young outlaw.

"It is the duty incumbent upon the court to allow the prisoner time for defense. If you desire witnesses, time will be granted you to procure them. If you want the assistance of an attorney, you will be allowed time, also, to obtain one."

"I thank the court for this kind information," said the young road-agent, "but I have all the witnesses I care for; and, as to an attorney, I think so little of them that I shall

forego the needed nuisance, and conduct my own side of this scrape."

"Then let the witnesses for the State be called," said Thomas Jefferson Overbaron, the State's attorney, who felt sensibly hit by the prisoner's remarks.

The sheriff arose and called the names: Christopher Walbroke, Don Manuel Raviso and Juan Jose Vaca.

The three men came forward as their names were called.

Albert St. Kenelm was not a little surprised when his eyes fell upon the hard, cruel face of Christopher Walbroke. He recognized it as the face of the gambler who had taken such a conspicuous part in the fight at the Conejos saloon, on that memorable night, and who then answered to the name of Manuel Chicacoo. The major knew that this man's testimony would be made as strong as the villainous character of a revengeful spirit could make it, against the youth who had so often proven a terror to the gamblers and drunkards of Conejos.

Don Manuel Raviso was a wealthy Mexican gentleman who had suffered at the hands of Red Rob's gang.

Juan Jose Vaca was the overseer of a large ranch north of Santa Fe which had also been visited by the outlaws.

The three were sworn. Don Raviso took the stand.

"Don Manuel Raviso," said Overbaron, with that free, important air so peculiar to the legal profession, yet which all could see was assumed, "will you please state to the jury your occupation, the place of your residence, and whether you do, or do not, recognize the prisoner at the bar?"

"I own and operate a large ranch about forty miles south of Conejos," began the witness, "and I recognize the prisoner at the bar as Red Rob."

Overbaron gave Red Rob a glance which seemed to say, "What do you think of attorneys now?" as though Raviso's statement had been made solely upon the young lawyer's instigation. Then he ran his eyes over the crowd, permitting them to rest for a moment upon the pretty, anxious faces of Octavia St. Kenelm and Maggie Boswell, of whose eyes he believed he had become an object of admiration.

"Senor Raviso," he said, running his fingers through his hair, then glancing at his hand with a close, intense look, as though he considered the single brown hair that had been dragged from his head worth more than the soul of the boy outlaw, "state to the court," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "under what circumstance you have heretofore met the prisoner."

"Under circumstances over which I had no control," replied the witness, and an outburst of laughter followed the curt response. Even the judge was compelled to conceal his face in clouds of tobacco-smoke in order to maintain the sober dignity of the court. Overbaron never "cracked" a smile. "About one month ago," Raviso continued, "my hacienda was visited by a band of outlaws. They broke into my *casa* and confronted me in my library. The leader drew a revolver and in the name of Red Rob, demanded my money and jewels. I gave him my watch, some money, and a large amount of silver plate. Then they left."

"That's all, Don Raviso—all that's necessary, unless the robber wishes to cross-examine," said the attorney, venturing to elevate his heels upon the judge's stand.

"I would like to ask the witness," said Red Rob, "whether it was in the night or daytime when he was attacked and robbed?"

"I should think you know yourself; however, it was in the night," replied Raviso—"on the night of the twentieth day of May last."

"At what hour in the night?" asked the prisoner.

"I object, your honor!" cried Overbaron, springing to his feet.

State your objections," said the judge, his half-closed eyes following the little clouds of smoke drifting upward among the pines boughs.

"The question is not in the order of a direct cross-examination," said Overbaron; "moreover, it is immaterial to us whether it was night or day, or at what hour, the witness was robbed."

"Your honor," said Red Rob, rising to his feet, "if it is immaterial to this court where and at what hour the witness was robbed, I would like to know what the learned gentleman is ranting about. But, your honor, I put the question that I may be enabled to prove that I was not at the ranch at the time the witness refers to."

The court sustained the question, and Raviso answered:

"It was precisely eleven o'clock, for when I handed the robber my watch—an open-face—I glanced at it and noted the time exactly."

"I am done with the witness," said Red Rob.

Juan Jose Vaca will take the stand," said the prosecuting attorney.

This witness was put upon the stand and testified that he was the overseer of a large ranch north of Santa Fe, and that, about five weeks previous, a band of robbers had entered the premises and stolen a number of horses and valuables. The leader of that gang he recognized in the prisoner at the bar, although it was in the night when the attack was made.

The cross-examination was confined to a single question, which elicited nothing favorable to the prisoner.

Christopher Walbroke was next called.

"Mr. Walbroke," said Overbaron, contemplating his elevated feet with a look of admiration, "where do you live—what do you follow for a livelihood—and do you, or do you not, recognize the prisoner before you?"

"I reside at Conejos," replied the witness, "and since Missouri Moll got hurt I've been drivin' stage in my place till I started on this tramp."

"Yes, sir," and the witness began to wax wroth, "I recognize that chap as Red Rob, the very villain that—"

"Sir!" interrupted the court, savagely, "you must remember that you are upon oath, and that no such contempt of court will be tolerated. The use of further profanity will receive condemnation—I won't have it," and the judge sunk back into his seat, and calmly resumed his smoking.

A brief silence ensued, but the stage-driver, having recovered from his unexpected reprimand, resumed his evidence.

"Wal, I know that's Red Rob—the very feller that robbed the Santa Fe coach three times this summer. But about a month ago a passel of us Conejos boys were in the Swill-Pail saloon there, havin' a good, quiet time, when that very boy came in, dressed up in citizen's clothes, and lookin' jist as green as grass."

Wal got into a fuss with big Missouri Moll, where Dakota Dan and another feller took his part, and a free fight ensued. While the fight was goin' on, he pulled a whistle out of his pocket, and then he put it to his lips and

blew a screecher. The next minute his hull gang of robbers rode right into that saloon and began to shoot and bang right and left into the crowd."

Walbroke stopped to take breath, when the attorney embraced the moment to make an ass of himself by putting a question he regretted the next moment.

"What time was the attack made?"

"Jist about midnight."

"Was anybody killed?"

"Three men war killed dead."

"Did the robbers steal, or destroy anything?"

"No, they got too drunk to steal anything but likker, and then they soon cut for their holes in the mountains. If they hadn't, we'd 'a' give them goss, we would."

"When did you see Red Rob again?"

"A few nights afterwards at a baile. He war there, and boasted that he war Red Rob, and broke up the dance."

"Was that the last time you saw him?"

"Yes, till to-day."

"That's all, Mr. Walbroke."

"I will ask you a question or two," said Red Rob.

"Who's axin' these questions?" retorted the surly Walbroke, manifesting his spirit of revenge in the look he gave the prisoner.

"We're all havin' something to say, and I will only ask you a few plain questions, Mr. Walbroke."

"I won't answer 'em—I'll die first," was the savage response.

Overbaron smiled grimly, and inwardly wished the cowardly witness would keep his word.

Every eye sought the face of the judge. It soon appeared from the white vapor that hung around it like a heavy fog.

"Mr. Walbroke," the judicial smoke-stack announced, "you will answer all questions put to you by the prisoner—promptly, and without equivocation."

Walbroke frowned sullenly. Overbaron looked sharply at Red Rob, and Red Rob resumed his questioning:

"You say that the robbers rode into the saloon and began shooting right and left—that three men were killed; now state whether these men came to their death by bullets or knives."

"They were stabbed with knives," replied the witness, crustily, though a shake of Overbaron's head, and a sudden contraction of the brows, told him that he had committed a blunder.

"Every one of them?" questioned Red Rob.

"Yes, every one of them," replied the witness, still unable to understand the grimaces of Overbaron, who, unable to stand it longer, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"I object, your honor, to this being admitted as evidence, upon these grounds: there are cases where none but a skillful surgeon can discriminate between the track of a knife and that of a bullet, such might have been the case—in fact was, without a doubt."

"Your honor," said Red Rob, "I hold that the question should be in order on them grounds, if no other, that a man is a fool that can't tell a pistol-wound from that of a knife."

A murmur of applause burst from the lips of the audience.

The court started drowsily from a gentle doze, and said, with a yawn:

"The court sustains the evidence."

Overbaron's face became flushed with silent rage at his repeated unsuccessful attempts to suppress evidence that was really favorable to the prisoner.

"You also stated," continued Red Rob, "that a general free fight was going on when the robbers rode in, and that the robbers got drunk. Did they pay for their liquor?"

"Who ever heard of robbers paying for anything they'd stole?" was Walbroke's reply, which afforded Overbaron an opportunity for an outburst of laughter that was dry and lonely.

"What else did the robbers do?" asked Red Rob, glancing toward the young lawyer, as though he expected an objection. But the limb of the law seemed engaged in some little mental speculation of his own just at that moment, and failed to put in "the objection" which seemed to be his strongest point.

"Wal, sir, that very night," continued the witness, "Red Rob's gang posted up notices on every road leading from Conejos, informin' us people that if we molested two certain persons, that war in the fight at the saloon, they would play thunder with us."

"Were these notices dated?" asked Red Rob, determined to go as far as he could from the main question.

"They war."

"What date was on them?" glancing at Overbaron, who was still mentally engaged, and at the judge, who was nodding in his chair.

"It war May the twentieth."

"I object!" suddenly cried Overbaron. The spectators laughed, the judge awoke, and seeing Overbaron on his feet, guessed at the truth, and said:

"The court overrules the objection—no need of argument."

"You are sure the notices bore that date, are you?" continued Red Rob.

"I'm not a fool; guess I know what I'm sayin'."

"Well, then, on the night of the twentieth of last May, about midnight, you say my men rode into the Conejos saloon."

"Yes, I swear to it."

"Mr. Walbroke," said Overbaron, as an idea seemed to have suddenly entered his mind, "I would like to ask you one more question: how far is it from Conejos to Don Manuel Raviso's ranch?"

"Jist fifty miles as the crow flies," replied the witness.

Red Rob turned and laughed in the young lawyer's face, saying:

"A very unfortunate question, and gives me the right to cross-examine."

Overbaron looked as though he would faint. His own ignorance of the distance between the two places had led to an irreparable blunder. He did not care as much for the evidence now what it amounted to, so that he maintained his position among his friends by displaying evidence of ability as a lawyer. He felt satisfied that Red Rob would be shot, no difference what the evidence amounted to. He knew that public opinion had already passed sentence upon the young outlaw, and that an enraged people would not allow the culprit to go unburnt. The trial was simply a farce, having for its object a show of mercy toward the prisoner.

"You say, Mr. Walbroke," said Red Rob, "it is fifty miles between Conejos and Raviso's ranch. Could a man ride that distance in one hour?"

"No, nor in five of 'em."

"That's all," said the prisoner.

"That's all," added the attorney.

"Has the prisoner any rebutting testimony to offer?" asked the judge.

"None, except that already given by the

witnesses for the State," replied the young outlaw, contrary to the hopes of many, who had become favorably impressed with the youth, and the calm, fearless manner in which he had conducted himself throughout the trial.

His reply was, to Octavia and Maggie, a bitter disappointment. They felt certain, by the youth's indifference, and that pleasant, mischievous smile that lit up his face, that he would produce evidence that would procure his acquittal.

"This, then, closes the case," said the judge, "and I shall now submit the evidence, such as it is, to the careful consideration of the jury, without argument."

This proved a bitter disappointment to Overbaron, for if he had been a little awkward in examining the witnesses, he hoped to have repaired all and shed immortal luster upon his name in a long, brilliant and conclusive argument and summary of the evidence.

"In submitting this case to you for your verdict, gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, "I hope you will confine yourselves strictly to the testimony, and let no outside matters or prejudicial influences influence you in the least. You will also bear in mind that there were some confessions in the evidence as to dates, and make such deductions and allowances as will ultimately lead you to the primary truth of the whole. Do not be in a hurry. A human life is in the balance. Give the prisoner the benefit of your doubts where such is admissible, and render a verdict in accordance with the testimony that you have heard."

Having

forward, eying the thin, wasted form of the stranger, and halting near him.

"Aho, there! Been to see me, cap'n?"

The fugitive started and turned.

"Who lives there?" he asked, pointing a wavering finger toward the little dark house.

"Me, now. Mebbe you was a-lookin' for the old folks. They be dead and gone, months ago. Come 'long in and take a rest; you look nigh about fagged out. Come from Brewster!"

"No; from up the coast," with the caution which had grown to be an uncertain mask, so often was it now forgotten.

"I have come from there myself this mornin'. There's a stir in town; a passel of p'licemen come on after a sneaking murderer who were seen headed this way. Fraps he heard along the road!"

There was no suspicion in the stolid fisherman's eye, but it seemed so to Dare. The old quiver of dread was upon him again, inish shapes floating through the air, dread sounds borne upon the wind.

"What is that?" he asked, sharply, the wavering finger pointing seaward now. "A gallow's?"

"Bless ye, no! That's a ship what put in there out of the storm last night, and that's the masthead stands up so bare. They're makin' a move to git about, if I see correct. 'Pears to me yer wanderin' like, stranger!"

Was that the sound of horses' feet and of wheels crushing over the crusted sands in the distance? Dare's hand was plunged into his pocket and he pulled out some crumpled bills, all he had left, which he held out eagerly toward the man.

"I will give you that to take me out to the ship yonder."

The man looked at the money and shook his head.

"I'd be as much as a man's life is worth to venture out on that sea. I know what money's worth—we what live along here be apt to—and with a life-boat I might try, but there's naught here but an old shell scarce fit to hold together in smooth water."

"Take it, count it, see how much there is. You'll not make as much in three months. Yours to take me out there, or to make an attempt at it. For heaven's sake, then, man, what will you take for the boat?"

The man had only stolidly shaken his head, and surely, surely, that dark spot far down the shore was his pursuers upon the track. He thrust the bills in the other's hand, and sprung away in the direction of the boat. With a bewildered look the fisherman followed. Dare burst open the door, secured only by a hasp, and was straining upon the rusty chain which confined the one boat within.

"The key—quick, give me the key," he demanded.

"I wouldn't be fair—'twould be sendin' ye to yer death—"

"I tell you I must reach that ship; it is my only chance. For the love of heaven, if you are half a man you will not stop me."

The intense earnestness in his ghastly, pallid face was not to be mistaken. There was a fierce gleam in his eyes, threatening, but it was not that moved the man.

"If ye be bent on goin', I'll try it," he said. It would have been suicide for that slender, weak young man to make the attempt alone. Something was wrong, very evidently, but the rough shoreman wisely concluded it was none of his business, and busied himself getting out the boat.

How slow he was! how that speck on the shore grew! Venetia could not be with them—of course not; what brought her white, haughty face before him then? Great God! if he had but been true to her—if he had never worked that scheme to marry Nora, developed in his mind when first he learned she was to be Colonel Vivian's heiress—how different might his situation be to-day! An earl's daughter for his wife—and now Nora would marry Vane, and he—oh, heavens!

The crazy boat was launched. The fisherman was one of those obstinate people, who, having put his shoulder to the wheel, would not turn back even with his judgment prompting.

Dare sprung to his place; the boat shot out into the comparatively smooth water of the inlet. Without the surf rolled high and white.

A carriage whirled up the shore. Two men in it shouted and waved their hats. The boat was trembling in the rougher water; one strong pull and the swell caught it and tossed it aloft like the veriest straw. The untrusting timbers cracked; the fisherman threw down his ears with a shout. In a second more the craft capsized, and the two men were struggling with the waters.

One strong wave carried Dare far out of the other's reach. How cold the water was! It had turned his blood to ice. Who put that rope about his neck? It was choking, choking! Was that a fire on the shore? The sea was blood red; he was burning, craping—

A great wave closed over, and the remorseless undertow held its victim.

There was a sensation in the city papers next morning. Colonel Vivian's murderer had met retribution in attempting to escape the officers upon his track. A fisherman bribed to pull him out if possible to a ship in the bay, had narrowly escaped the fugitive's fate. Dare's body had been washed ashore during the day, and thus his sins were punished though justice had been cheated of its object.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.

It was February still, but later in the month—a bright, sunshiny, winter day. The cedars stood up darkly against the snow-covered ground and the blue cloudless sky. Some hardy vine hung out sprays of blood-red berries in the Thornhurst gardens. And Thornhurst itself was alive again; the mansion was full to overflowing with select guests, and those of the old country neighbors who had returned this day would swell the numbers.

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on," and Thornhurst sheltered a happy bride to be that day.

On the next day after the trial Vane Vivian had come down to Thornhurst with some deeper emotion swelling his heart than mere thankfulness for his relief. He had been detained on the preceding night by the hosts of congratulatory friends hemming him in until the party from the mansion had departed. Sir Rupert and Prescott, faithful and devoted through his time of trial, were his companions during the evening, but, with a delicacy of sentiment innate with both, declined to accompany him down. Later they would follow and pass a few days there before maturing their own future plans.

Vane walked up through the grounds and into the house. Sholto Norton Hayes was smoking a cigar in the hall, and Mr. Grahame in one of the great, round-backed chairs was still poring over the morning papers. Seeing who it was he put out his hand cordially.

"We had no chance to get near you last night, Vane. And, of course, we knew you would be here. Dare has escaped, it appears. More's the pity, such a double-dyed villain as he's been proved. Strange that appearances so horribly proved you should be made turn on him whom no one ever suspected."

"Providence is inscrutable but just," answered Vane, gravely. "The ladies are here, of course!"

"All in their rooms dressing for the day, I believe. All but Nora. She is in the library, and asked to see you soon as you came. By-the-by, we have two of your old friends down with us—Lord Cleveland and his daughter. That was another startling change with all the rest."

What Vane said he never could have told afterward. Nora was in the library; in a moment his hand was upon the door; he stood before her as she rose up, paling, flushing, trembling.

"Nora!"

"Vane!"

He had both her hands in his, and stood looking down upon her with infinite content expressed in his handsome, dark, smiling face. The assured light in those deep-set brown eyes embarrassed her; she half-drew away, and spoke hurriedly:

"They sent you here, I suppose. I wanted to see you among the first. I had the lawyer come down with those papers last night. They are here, waiting for you. I kept the trust until you came, and now—"

"And now, are you so anxious to throw Thornhurst out of your hands? Suppose I refuse to receive it?"

"You will not—you must not. You would not if you knew how sorry I have always been that I ever came between you and it. I never would have kept it in any case, and now I have no need. I have accepted your friend's offer, and am quite an heiress in my own right, as of course you know."

"Quite an heiress in your own right," he repeated, smilingly. "And is that fact to come between us, Nora? I don't refuse Thornhurst, but I take it again only on condition. On the condition that I may take you with it, my darling!" Then the dark, handsome face looking into hers was strangely changed and emotionate; he was pouring out his words in a rapid torrent.

"I never was worthy of you, Nora, but I have tried to make myself so, these last three years. If you can forget the past, my follies and crimes—if you can trust me and love me, I will be the happiest man on earth. I knew first how I loved you that night when you came to me like the good angel you were. I was desperate then, and you cheered me with your kind words and your faith in me which I hardly deserved then. Whatever more of a man I may have become since I owe to you. But for you I would have gone out of my home desperate, with the thought that all humanity was set against me, and possibly I might have set myself against all humanity. You have made me what I am. Will you—can you take the work of your own hands, Nora?"

"Will I and can I? The sweet face was uplifted, blushing, happy. "Do you suppose I can forget that you refused me once—that Thornhurst with me was too heavy a cross to be borne? Have you changed your mind—oh, Vane!—about red hair?"

The rosy light was streaming in over her own dark-waved auburn tresses, bringing out its richest tinge. He pressed his lips to it reverently.

"My darling, every hair is more precious than gold. Is it mine for all time? Can you really forget and take me as I am?"

"For more than you admit yourself to be. Oh, Vane, do you not know, have you not known that I loved you from the time I came to Thornhurst first? Even when I thought you hated me I could not dislike you."

"Do you know I think we were both blind, Nora? I hated myself then for fairly worshipping you when I set my obstinate spirit against being driven. Is it possible you would have taken me had I asked you then?"

"Very thankfully, had you given me the opportunity." And then the laughing, blushing face was hidden on his shoulder, and Vane Vivian breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving for the happiness which was his.

And now it had come to be their wedding-day. Lord Cleveland and Lady Venetia Montrose had remained for the happy occasion. Sir Rupert Archer and Prescott were there among scores of others. The ceremony which bound for life these two so well-matched, so admirably matched, was pronounced in the Thornhurst parlors. They would depart upon an extended bridal tour upon the morrow, and in their own infinite content, amid changed scenes, forget the bitterest pain of the past.

It was evening, and the bright moon shed its silvery light over the earth. Out on the veranda opening from the library one had been drawn, how she might not have told. Lady Venetia's darkly lovely face was full of pain; the hands on which priceless jewels flashed in the light were tight locked together. She had heard of Dare's fate, but she could not mourn for him; he himself had killed the germ of her love on that Christmas Eve, three years before. A step sounded at her back; a tall shape was by her side, and Sir Rupert Archer's low, rich voice broke the stillness. There, in the same spot he had spoken once before, he told again the old, old story. He pleaded passionately, eloquently for the habitually silent man. His abiding love had never wavered; he had been steadfast with no hope of return, with the thought of having lost her forever. He had loved her then as he loved her now; in all his life he could never thus care for another. Would she be his own cherished wife?

The pained, intense face turned to him, and the reluctant lips spoke.

"I have not deserved this, Sir Rupert. It reproaches and pains me more than I can say. I think you are the noblest and most faithful man on earth. I respect, I reverence you; it cuts me to the heart to cause you pain. I have but one answer—I shall never marry. Believe me, I am not worthy the honor you would do me."

"Will you not let me be the judge of that? You are all I could ever ask in a wife. Give me yourself, and I shall be content."

He was pressing nearer, eager, hopeful, in spite of his rebuff. She shrank away, putting up her hands to keep him back.

"It never can be. You drive me to a bitter confession to assure you of it. Sir Rupert, not long since my father was the chief agent in hunting down a guilty man. That man, black with the deepest crime, was my husband."

With bowed head, with eyes turned away, in broken, incoherent words she told him the story. In vain was all his eloquent pleading after that; in vain the generous spirit which would have taken her to his heart in spite of all. At last he was fain to take his answer.

the fixed will would not relax; her own heart might ache and break, but he should not dishonor himself and his spotless name by wedding such as her.

Lord Cleveland and his daughter returned to England with the early spring, but months went by and Archer Hall saw nothing of the master who had been absent so many years.

Christmas Eve of 1873. The great mansion of Cleveland Park is all alight. Within, in presence of a stately, aristocratic company, with hands clasped and heads bowed before a bishop in robes whose solemn tones are echoing through the rooms, heart is answering to heart at last.

Sir Rupert has won his bride; strong devotion has won over pride and haughty will. Lord Cleveland, well content, looks on complacently, and back in the company Sir Harry Neville finds no pang of regret as he looks down upon his own fair bride, blue-eyed and dark-haired Flora—late my Lady Montrose.

Vane and Nora are wintering in Italy. Their congratulations have come instead of their presence at this wedding. Summer will find them for a brief season at Archer Hall before they recross the Atlantic. All bitterness is left behind, all fair hopes and happy promise light the present and shine far away in the future.

THE END.

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL—PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THE APRIL RECORD.

THE season of 1875 was inaugurated on the day of the Centennial celebration at Lexington and Concord, the glorious 19th of April, on which occasion the Boston Red Stockings—the champion team—played their first game with the new New Haven professional nine, at Boston, the contest proving to be interesting, as the Bostonians won only by a score of 6 to 0. This game was the best played of the month, except that between the Athletics and New Haven, on May 26th, at New Haven, which was marked by a score of 8 to 2 only, and the 4 to 3 game in which the New York Mutuals defeated the new nine of Philadelphia, the Centennials, on April 30th. Up to April 30, inclusive, nine of the thirteen clubs had played in regular championship contests, and the first month of the season closed with the Bostonians in the van, and the Athletics and Hartford standing second and third, as follows:

GAMES.	WON.	LOST.	GAMES.	WON.	LOST.
Boston.	4	0	N. Haven.	3	0
Athletic.	2	2	Centennial.	4	0
Hartford.	2	0	Washington.	2	0
Philad.	3	2	Wash. G'n.	2	0
Atlantic.	1	2	Totals	24	12
Mutual.	1	0			

The full record by dates for April is as follows:

April 19, Boston vs. New Haven, at Boston.	6	0
April 21, Boston vs. New Haven, at N. Haven.	14	3
April 21, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Phila.	7	5
April 22, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Phila.	6	3
April 24, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Hartford.	10	1
April 26, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Phila.	10	7
April 26, Boston vs. Washington, at Wash. G'n.	8	2
April 26, Atlantic vs. New Haven, at N. Haven.	8	2
April 27, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Hartford.	10	1
April 27, Athletic vs. Centennial, at Phila.	14	5
April 29, Boston vs. Washington, at Richmond.	23	5
April 30, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brookl.	4	3

Totals..... 110 41

Average of winning nines for April, 9 and 2; of losing nines, 3 and 5. It will be seen that the only "Chicago" of the month was that given the New Haven by the champions.

Below we give the score of the best-played professional contest of April:

NEW HAVEN.			ATLANTIC.		
Geer, 2d.	4	0	Boyd, r.f.	4	0
Wright, 1st.	0	9	Kearney, ss.	3	2
Luff, r.f.	4	0	Nichols, 3d.	3	2
Banker, c.	4	0	Crane, 1st.	3	0
McKibbey, 3d.	0	1	Patonson, 2d.	4	0
Gould, 1st.	3	0	Caasidy, p.	3	1
Ryan, 1st.	2	1	Knapp, c.	3	0
Tipper, c.	3	0	Clark, c.f.	2	0
Nichols, p.	1	4	Pabor, 1st.	4	0
Totals.....	27	2	Totals.....	23	10

INNINGS..... 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Atlantic..... 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3

New Haven..... 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2

Runs earned—None. Umpire—Charles Daniels, of Hartford. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Left on bases—N. H. 2; Atlantic, 5.

THE MAY RECORD.

The backwardness of the season prevented a full development of the professional campaign until the middle of May, by which time all the clubs had entered the arena, and the fight for the pennant had become general. The close of April left the Boston club first, the Hartford second, and the Athletics third in the race, but the middle of May saw the "Reds" the only undefeated club in the arena, and with a lead that made things look as if it was to be almost a walk-over for the Boston team this season, for they easily defeated both the Hartford and Athletic nines, the latter being badly "Chicagoed." Fully 10,000 people witnessed the first grand match between the Boston and Hartford nines, played at Hartford, and the result was quite a disappointment to the Nutmeg State representatives. It ought not to have been, however, for it was not to be supposed that a newly-organized team, no matter how strong in its players, would defeat such a well-trained nine as the "Reds" have, their first season.

Before May expired one of the new nines of 1875—the Centennials, of Philadelphia—were induced to disband, their record up to the day of their retirement, May 25th, being as follows:

May 1, Centennial vs. N. Haven, at N. Haven.	12	5
May 3, Centennial vs. Athletic, at Phila.	11	2
Totals.....	23	7

DEFEATS.

April 21, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Phila.	7	5
April 25, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Phila.	10	7
April 27, Athletic vs. Centennial, at Phila.	14	5
April 30, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brookl.	4	3
May 3, Hartford vs. Centennial, at Hartford.	13	4
May 4, Boston vs. Centennial, at Boston.	14	2
May 5, Boston vs. Centennial, at Boston.	13	6
May 11, Athletic vs. Centennial, at Phila.	29	1
May 18, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Phila.	11	4
May 19, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Phila.	7	4
May 22, Boston vs. Centennial, at Phila.	12	6
May 24, Boston vs. Centennial, at Phila.	5	0

Totals..... 131 47

The players thrown out of service by the disbandment of the Centennials are McGinley, c.; Bechtel, p.; Abadie, 1st. b.; Craver, 2d. b.; Somerville, 3d. b.; Radcliffe, s. s.; Fields, 1. f.; Warner, c. f.; Mason, r. f.; with Lovet, Treacy and Tremwith as substitutes. Of these, Craver and Bechtel were at once engaged as second baseman and center-fielder for the Athletics to take the places of Fisher and Eggers, both sick. They will also act as change catcher and pitcher for the Athletics, something the team wanted in case of emergency.

The following is the record of professional games in which the winning side did not score more than five runs, up to June 1st:

Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis.	1	0
Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brookl.	4	0

Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven.	2	1
Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Brookl.	3	1
Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brookl.	3	1
Philadelphia vs. New Haven, at New Haven.	3	2
St. Louis vs. Western, at St. Louis.	3	2
Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.	3	3
Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brookl.	4	0
Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston.	4	1
Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Hartford.	4	1
Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Brookl.	4	1
Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.	4	1
St. Louis vs. Western, at Kookak.	4	2
Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philad. ipha.	4	2
Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.	4	2
St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis.	4	3
Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brookl.	4	3
Rhiolet vs. Athletic, at Brookl.	5	0
Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brookl.	5	0
Boston vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia.	5	0

The finest-played game for May, and really the best on record, was that which took place May 21 between the Hartford and Mutual nines at Brookl. Prior to May 21, the game at St. Louis between the Reds, of that city, and the Whites, of Chicago, stood unequalled; but on May 21 the Mutual and Hartford nines played a better game, though the score was the same, viz., 1 to 0! The first meeting between the two clubs took place at Hartford, and resulted in a score of 8 to 3 in favor of the Hartford, the Mutuals being out of practice. This time they were in better trim, and as the ball selected proved to be a decidedly dead ball, fielding skill decided the contest. To show the superiority of play in a game played with a dead ball compared to a contest in which a lively ball is used, it is only necessary to point to the beauty of the display made in this game, compared to the muffled match of the previous Wednesday, in which the Athletics played the Mutuals with an elastic ball, and won by a score of 11 to 6, the game being marked by nearly thirty fielding errors, and by heavy hitting, whereas in the contest of Friday there were but three errors which told on the score, and not eight in the entire game.

This season's play is rapidly bringing fielding games into popularity. Any second-class amateur club can play a batting game marked by heavy hits and large scores, especially if an elastic ball is used, for then the game is simply boys' play; but in a dead-ball game batsmen are forced into skillful play or they are beaten, and hence fielding—the most attractive feature of base-ball—necessarily decides a contest. On Friday there was not a man present on the field who was not delighted with the game. From first to last the interest never flagged a moment, and as the chances for a 0 to 0 finish of the ninth inning loomed up, as each inning ended the interest increased; and when, too, the Hartford ended their ninth inning with only one run to their credit, the Mutuals went in to talk about batting games in the face of the attractions of such a beautifully played game as this was. If such results could be assured in every match the Mutuals played, the old-time gatherings of thousands of spectators at their matches would be witnessed. This contest was not only a model fielding game, but a masterly display of skill in strategic pitching by Cummings and Matthews. Indeed, the former, in the seventh inning, when the Mutuals had men on third and second bases, and no man out, and a run in was almost a certainty, pitched with the most telling effect, and this, and the brilliant support given him in the field, enabled the Hartford to keep their opponents from scoring.

The score of this model game is as follows:

HARTFORD.			MUTUAL.		
Allison, c.	0	10	0	1	30
Burdock, 2d.	0	3	1	0	14
Barey, s. s.	1	0	0	1	4
Cummins, p.	0	0	0	0	0
York, 1. f.	0	2	0	0	6
Ferguson, 3d.	0	0	0	1	1
Benson, 1. f.	1	0	4	1	0
Mills, 1b.	0	2	0	1	2
Bond, r. f.	1	3	1	0	4
Totals.....	1	6	27	15	

INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Hartford..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Mutual..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

First Base by Errors—Hartford, 3; Mutual, 1.

Umpire—Mr. Boyd, of the Athletics.

Time of Game—One hour and forty minutes.

THE AMATEUR ARENA.

The college clubs seem to monopolize the best-played amateur games this season, as the appended score of a match played at New Haven, May 29th, shows:

PRINCETON.			YALE.		
Moffatt, 2d.	0	1	Hotchk's, c.f.	0	1
Laughlin, s.s.	0	2	Morgan, r.f.	0	0
Walker, c.	2	0	Knigh, 2d.	0	3
Campbell, 1b.	0	11	Avery, p.	0	0
Woods, 2d.	0	3	Biglow, 3b.	0	1
Karge, r. f.	0	0	Jones, 1b.	0	11
Denny, c.	1	2	Maxwell, c.	0	8
Duffield, 1. f.	0	4	Smith, 1. f.	0	2
Totals.....	3	8	27	12	6

INNINGS..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Princeton..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Yale..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned, none. First base on errors. Princeton, 2; Yale, 2. Umpire, Mr. Dunning. Time of game, one hour and forty minutes.

Among other noteworthy amateur games may be named the following:

May 31, Chelsea vs. Reliance.....	7	1
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Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., whose Family Medicines have won golden opinions and achieved world-wide reputation, after patient study and much experimenting, suc-

CRUSOE'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

I am the three-term president
Of all that I survey,
There's none my civil rights disputes
And none to obey;
I'm army, navy, people, too,
And so I have my way.

Free in this isle my breath I breathe
With neither friend nor foe,
There's none to ask me for a loan
When finances are low;
No fears of breach of promise suits—
Oh, no, sir, not for Joe!

If I should slip up in the way
There are none to laugh at me;
No organ-grinders at my door
A-grinding out a fee,
And no piano opposite
Bombarding furiously.

My neighbor doesn't fly on me
Whereby himself may thrive,
Nor honor me by saying I
Am the meanest man alive.
I do not look for my wife's aunt
On each train to arrive.

I'm not compelled to bar the door
To peddlers peddling books;
I'm not waked up before the dawn
By most impatient cooks;
And here my old plug hat answers well
Despite the dents and crooks.

The luxury of being dunned
Of course cannot be mine;
I miss the tailor's little bill,
The washerwoman's whine;
No butcher hammers at my door,
And yet I don't repine.

So, through a tranquil path I go,
And live an even life;
My wife she never scolds me much—
I do not scold my wife,
And as I'm alone much, and by myself most
Of the time and solitary a good deal
And nobody near at all.

I'm far removed from strife.

LEAVES

From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

XII.—The Counterfeiter's Den.

The day was warm and sultry, one of those soft and dreamy July afternoons, too warm in the glaring sun, but so charming to sit in the house with the windows open and a gentle breeze passing through.

Such was our court-room on that afternoon, and, as I had no special business to employ my mind, I secured an easy chair, and with my feet resting on a convenient table, settled myself to listen to the humdrum suit that was being heard by a sleepy jury.

I love to sit in the presence of the concourse of people that a trial sometimes brings together. Here I can indulge my propensity for reading faces, and studying the characteristics of men as shown in their looks and actions. It has all the charm for me that a novel has for others, and many an hour have I thus whiled away with both pleasure and profit.

And again, there is much to be learned by giving attention to the many intricate questions and points of law that develop in the course of a legal investigation.

The case in progress was a tedious and lengthy one, full of dry facts and legal fictions, and a large number of witnesses were in attendance. So I soon lost all interest in the subject matter of the controversy, and gave myself up to the study of the many queer specimens of humanity that surrounded me.

Thus I sat, communing with myself, and as completely isolated from the buzzing throng of people as though I was the only occupant of that large room.

A touch on my shoulder drew my mind from its train of thought, and without moving my carefully-poised head I saw a stranger standing at my side. He was a young man, smooth-faced and effeminate in appearance, and his dress and manner exhibited a peculiar jauntiness.

I motioned him to a seat near me, which he appropriated, and leaning over toward me he whispered, cautiously:

"You are Lawyer Smith, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, Smith is my name," I answered, gazing intently into his handsome face, until his eyes dropped down in confusion.

Our conversation was carried on in a low tone, so as to avoid disturbing the proceedings, or attracting attention from others.

"My name is Russell," he said, by way of introduction, "and I have sought you out at the request of an aged relative who desires your presence and legal advice."

"Yes, certainly, sir. We will go to my office so we can converse undisturbed."

"No need of that, Mr. Smith, I can tell you here what is wanted. Are you acquainted with Judson Mayhew?"

"Mayhew? Judson Mayhew—yes, I recollect an old gentleman of that name, it strikes me. Does he not live over in the Carver neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir, that's the man; he lives a few miles out of town. I am commissioned by him to bring you to his bedside at once, as he is not long for this world."

"Indeed! Wants a will drawn, I suppose, or some advice concerning the estate?"

"Yes, that is it. He desires you to draw his will."

"Immediately?"

"Yes, as soon as you can come."

"Then I will go at once, as soon as I can obtain writing materials from my office."

"No need of that," said the stranger, rising and placing a delicate, gloved hand on my arm; "time is too precious, and we have all necessary materials at hand. Come with me at once to my carriage."

Mechanically I arose and followed him out of the room, and at the door stood a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses.

Motioning me to enter, the stranger stepped nimbly upon the box and took up the ribbons, and away we glided as smoothly as would a boat over calm water. It was delightful riding, and the noble blacks whirled us along with apparently little effort.

So delighted was I at the pleasant ride that I took no note of the summer scenery as we passed along, and almost before I was aware we drew up at the roadside.

Yonder, among the leafy forest trees, loomed the dreary pile of stone, looking to me like some huge castle of feudal times. The surroundings added to the medieval appearance, and had some grim knight in clanking armor advanced to bid us welcome I would not have been the least surprised.

I followed the young man up the long, shaded path, until we reached the gloomy pile, and putting a key into a massive door, he pushed it open and entered, bidding me follow.

We ascended a broad stairway, our footsteps echoing through the house with a hollow sound, and at the top my guide opened another door and bade me enter, saying that he would repair to the sick chamber and announce my presence.

When the door closed upon me, I found myself in a large, dark apartment, the only light coming from cracks in the huge wooden shutters that closed up the windows. Seating myself in a heavy, carved chair I waited patiently for his return.

Moments sped away, and becoming tired of the dreary and chilling gloom I set out to explore the room. I found the furniture of the same heavy, carved style, and stopped to view a large painting that hung against the wall, the feeble rays of light barely lighting up the dark canvas.

Suddenly a heavy hand was placed over my mouth, and strong arms encircled me, lifting me as if I was a mere child. A language was bound over my eyes and a voice, in a hoarse whisper, bade me make no noise but follow where I was led.

Resistance was useless, and I could but obey. A hand clasped one of mine and led me on, while a strong grasp on my other arm told me that I was in the power of several persons, and whether for good or evil remained for me to learn.

On we went, down creaking stairways, while heavy doors opened in front and closed with ominous clang as we passed through. And now my boots echoed over a stone floor, and the air seemed damp and chilling.

We halted, and my hands were tied firmly behind me, and then the bandage was taken from my eyes. I found myself in a large and gloomy apartment, looking like a dungeon cell, the bare stone walls reflecting the light of a sickly taper that flickered on a small table.

I was surrounded by masked figures, and for a moment an oppressive silence pervaded the room.

At length I resolved to speak, and my words seemed to fall to silence as they issued from my lips.

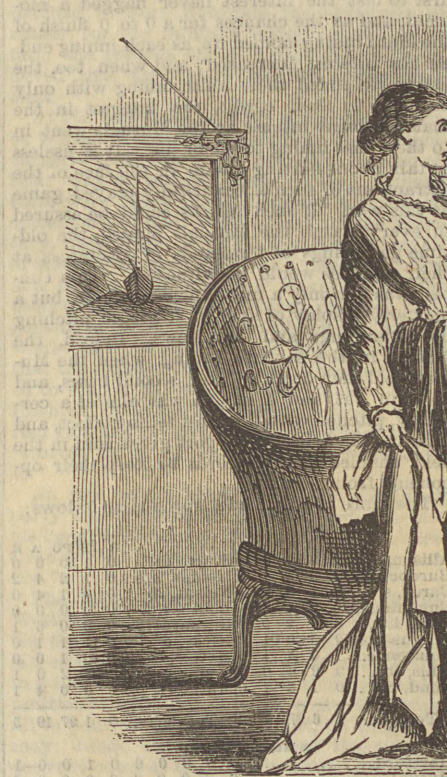
"What means this outrage?" I demanded. "By what authority, and for what crime am I thus deprived of liberty?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed a woman's voice, as a slight and beautiful female stepped in front of me.

I instantly recognized my guide, by whose wily tongue I had been thus beguiled.

"Humph! Russell, eh?"

Again a merry peal of laughter rung out, but hushed again as if unable to penetrate the dead, damp walls.



There, framed in the open window, his clothing torn and bloody, stood Gabriel Wallace.

The Mad Lover.

BY C. D. CLARK.

A BEAUTIFUL girl, with bright, golden hair banded back from her fair white forehead, was seated on a grassy bank, overlooking a shining stream, rippling down over the stones, and dropping in miniature cascades into sandy pools, in which lurked the brook trout, darting out of sight at every sound which came up from the woods about. The girl was in a reverie, and a happy look was on her face, for she had come here to meet one whom she loved better than anything on earth. A footstep stirred the leaves, and her lover was beside her, a handsome, frank-looking young fellow, full of life and hope.

"Agnes!" he whispered, as he took her hand. "You were very kind to come to me here, and I thank you."

"I would go further for you, Roland," she said. "I knew that it was best for you to meet in secret just now, until the unjust censure had passed, and you have proved that you are not the bad man they think you."

"I am on the track of the man who has caused all this evil," he said, quietly. "A few days more, and the men who hunt me like a beast of the forest will be ashamed of themselves, and will come to ask my pardon. I do not blame them, for they have been bitterly deceived. I a horse-thief! I a robber! It turns my blood to ice in my veins when I think of it."

"Yet they believe it, and Gabriel Wallace says—"

"Let Gabriel Wallace look to himself, for the time is not far away when I shall be able to repay him for what he has done for me."

"This way!" cried a harsh voice. "Come on, boys; I see him."

A moment later, and a man, holding a rifle in his hand, dashed suddenly out of the woods, and leveled his weapon at the head of Roland West.

"I've got you, horse-thief!" he cried. "Surrender, or I'll send a ball through your heart."

Roland West had thrust his hand in the pocket of the loose hunting-coat which he wore. The flap of the coat was lifted slightly, and a sharp crack was heard. Gabriel Wallace dropped his rifle, staggered, and fell prostrate upon the earth, just as half a dozen men burst from the woods, with weapons in their hands. Roland saw that, if he was taken now, these rough bordermen would hang him to the nearest tree, and bounding back, followed by half a dozen bullets, he gained the shelter of the thick woods. One man stopped, and caught Agnes by the arm. This was her father, a rough but generous-hearted borderman.

"Mad girl!" he cried. "How dare you disgrace me by meeting this red-handed wretch?"

"It is not true, father. Gabriel Wallace has deceived you, and poor Roland is as innocent as you or I."

"Come home!" he said. "The boys will

take care of poor Gabriel, when they come back. As for Roland West, I have no doubt that they will make a good account of him."

"Is Gabriel dead?" she asked, in a hollow whisper.

"Shot through the head," replied Mr. Dane. "Woe to Roland West, if he is overtaken by the boys in the woods."

She followed him without a word, leaving the gory form of Gabriel Wallace extended upon the earth, where he had fallen.

Wallace and Roland West had been rivals in the love of Agnes Dane, and Roland had been the favored lover. He was one of the greatest favorites among the young people of the frontier village in which they lived, until whispers began to go about that the daring horse-thief who had made such havoc among their animals was no other than Roland, or at least that he was the leader of an organized band, whose purpose was robbery. Many things were seen which pointed at him. A handsome pistol, belonging to him, was found in Mr. Edgar's stable-yard, upon the morning after he had lost three of his best horses. A broken buckle, which he was known to have worn, was found upon another stable-floor, just after it had been robbed of its best inmates. A rough fellow, who had himself been more than suspected, swore that he had met Roland and two other men, whom he did not know, driving a string of horses through the woods, miles away to the north. There came calls for the Regulators, and Roland was forced to fly to save his life. Since then he had been upon the track of the man who had set these rumors afloat, and hoped to prove his innocence soon, when, meeting Agnes in their old trysting-place, the unfortunate encounter came in which Wallace fell.

The hunters of man came back empty-handed. They had not taken Roland West, but they swore that at early morning they would organize a hunt, and never stop until they had run the guilty man to earth. Every man in the village joined the hunt, and not even the boys would stay behind, so that no one was left at home save women and old men, or little children. Agnes sat at her window as the men went by, heavily armed, and she shuddered as she saw among them noted scouts and hunters, who knew every foot of the woods, and had hunted human game before. She was ill at ease; and yet she had confidence in

fierce, bending forward in the saddle, with his pistol ready, rode as he never rode before. Both were well mounted and famous horsemen, but the good steed which Gabriel Wallace bestrode was carrying nearly a double weight. Two hundred feet in the rear rode Roland, his teeth set, his eyes shining, gaining foot by foot as he rode.

"I'll have you!" he shouted. "Give her up, and take mercy at my hands."

"I ask no mercy!" was the reply. "Fool! Do you not know that I will kill her, sooner than suffer her to fall into your hands? Do you know what I will do? I will ride over High Rock, and we will die together."

He cheered his horse sharply, and dashed to the left, with another of those wild yells, which could only come from the lips of a madman. Roland West knew that he was mad, and also knew his terrible purpose. He would ride with Agnes over the High Rock, a cliff two hundred feet high, and they would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks below. He uttered a cry of horror, and urged his horse to renewed speed. His pistol was in his hand, but he dared not use it, for the shot aimed at Gabriel Wallace might injure Agnes. There was only one chance, as the cliff was barely two hundred yards distant, and he could not hope to close with him in time to save the girl. Heading a little to the left, he brought his pistol to a level, and aimed, not at the man, but at the horse, and fired two shots in rapid succession. Both told, but at the second shot the horse staggered, and seemed about to fall, when Gabriel bounded from the saddle, and began to run with inconceivable rapidity, heading for the cliff.

"I'll beat you yet!" he screamed. But the black horse, bounding forward like the wind, closed in rapidly now, and ten feet from the verge he was so close that Roland could almost touch the flying man with his pistol. Uttering a snarl like a tiger, the madman dropped his burden, and just as Roland sprang from the saddle, leaped at his throat, upon which he fastened with desperate energy. Locked in that fierce grapple, Roland did not think of using his weapon; but, grasping the madman by the shoulder and wrist, strove to tear him from his hold. Then, with the white foam dropping from his mouth, he clung to his hold, and Roland felt that he was suffocating. Yet he struggled with all his power, and twice nearly succeeded in tearing away the desperate grip of his enemy. He began to stagger, and a triumphant light was coming into the eyes of the mad wretch, when a scarf was passed suddenly about his own throat, and he was dragged backward. Agnes, seeing the peril of her lover, had come to his aid in time. Gabriel raised his hands to tear away the scarf, when Roland, with a single, crashing blow from his clubbed pistol struck him down, and before he recovered he was lying upon the turf, bound hand and foot. Just then the signal calls of the hunters could be heard, and a number of men came out of the woods.

"Here he is!" the leader shouted. "Give it up, Roland West."

"I am ready to yield," replied Roland, "for it is now in my power to prove my innocence."

"I hope you may do it," said Mr. Dane, who was among the foremost. "Why, what does this mean?"

"It means that this man is mad, and during your absence abducted Agnes. Having all my proofs prepared, I was returning to give myself up and stand my trial, when, fortunately, I crossed his track, and was able to save her. The man who testified against me has revealed the hiding-place of the horses, and is ready to swear that he engaged with Gabriel Wallace in a plot to destroy me."

"It is true!" hissed Wallace, as he lay at their feet. "Curse you, I hate you all."

The men made a rush at him, but Roland West held them back.

"The man is mad," he said, gravely; "Heaven has avenged me."

Gabriel Wallace died in the asylum in which he was placed, but not until Roland and Agnes had been married over a year. Happy in each other's love, they could forgive the mad lover in his dismal cell.

Beat Time's Notes.

A COMPANY of cavalry had their spurs stolen, and so were dis-spurs-ed.

To keep preserves: set them away where you can't get at them.

WHEN a man once gets down in the world, it is like getting down in bed—dreadfully hard work to rise.

No doubt the world owes us all a living, but I am inclined to believe it is awful slow in paying its debts.

JONES says the only reliable antidote which he can find for whiskey is—brandy; which will be universally hailed.

E. RONEY denies being implicated in a late forgery. He thinks the public are laboring under an E. Roney-ous impression.

A DENTIST advertises a process for taking teeth out so nicely that it will hereafter be a pleasure to have the toothache.

THERE was a man so stingy out West that he rose up out of his coffin at the funeral and requested the handles to be taken off at the grave and sold.

THEY have got an artesian well out in California so very deep that it runs clear through to China and several miles beyond it. To make it still deeper they are going to tie it full of knots.

WHEN I have a neighbor who owns a dog worth, when dogs are very valuable, about seventy-five cents less than nothing, that can bark the weatherboards off the house in one night's industrious barking, and keeps me rolling and tumbling and waking and grumbling and tossing and tearing and pitching and swearing, it almost seems to me that in the course of a few months I will almost think as much of the neighbor as I do of the dog. That is the way it seems to me.

THE grasshoppers out West, notwithstanding the proclamations of the governors, are already on the jump, and when everything is eaten up, they go into houses and ask for a slice of bread and a little cold meat. A farmer has invented a novel way to exterminate them. He takes two boards, the under one oak and the upper beech; he places a grasshopper between these boards and then sits down on it in the shade. In one hour that grasshopper is so dead that it can't recognize itself. I'd like to get a hundred dollars a month to work that machine.